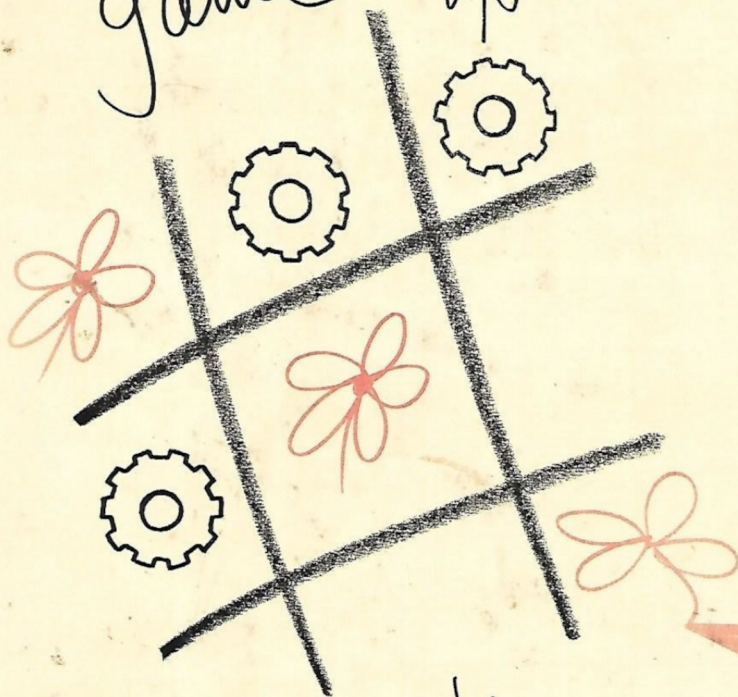


only two
can play
this
game

by James Keys



preface by
R. D. Laing

BOOKS BY JAMES KEYS

Probability and scientific inference
(published as by G Spencer Brown)

Laws of form (published as by G Spencer Brown)

Twenty-three degrees of paradise

Only two can play this game

James Keays

Only Two
Can Play
This
Game

PREFACE BY R D LAING

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Preface

Very few people would write such a book,

and fewer still could.

This is a rare document,

of high quality,

and those who cherish such things,

will appreciate it.

R D Laing
London England
15 day of May 1972

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To his Coy Mistress

Prescript

If like me you were brought up in a western culture, with the doctrine that everything has a scientific explanation, there will be certain ideas you will not be allowed to know.

These ideas are in fact as old and as widespread as civilization itself. But your education will have programmed you so that whenever you hear or read about any of them, it sets off a built-in reflex that shouts 'mystical nonsense' or 'crazy rubbish'.

People who have already studied these ideas a little, and who may have read some of the books I mention later on, will know of course that they are neither all that crazy nor all that mysterious. But if we wish to talk about them we are all handicapped by a great gap in our education—we have no agreed method.

It is of course true that everything can be scientifically explained. It can be explained this way or any other way. But at a price. And by price I mean something more serious than money.

We are maybe just beginning to realize what our scientific knowledge is costing us. That the advantages it confers must be paid for. And that the price is steeper than we thought.

The irony of it is that the price of scientific knowledge has always been prominently displayed: and the cruel twist is this: the place where it is displayed is in the books that scientific knowledge itself insists are 'not scientific'.

Once a person steps into the science machine, once he accepts the doctrine as to what is 'scientific' and what is not, he is in a

foolproof trap. He has accepted a contract for which, from the moment he signs the agreement, he can never know the price.

Let's begin with some definitions. What do we mean by 'western culture'? I take it we mean the mode of life, at least nominally Christian, of civilized residents in Russia, Europe, occupied parts of Africa, Iceland, North and South Americas, New Zealand, the Philippines, and occupied parts of Australia. This is in contrast to 'eastern' cultures, comprising largely Buddhist, Confucianist, Taoist, and Hinduist civilizations. There are at present nearly a thousand million of us in each of these two groups, and about a thousand million more with cultures, the most widespread being Islam, standing somewhere between.

And what do we mean by 'civilized'? Well, if we follow the word to its roots, we see that it simply means living in cities.

Every civilization has its culture. Although the culture of our western civilization has many sources, its main roots are two: we get our religious ideas from the early Jews, and our scientific ideas from the ancient Greeks.

Now the early Jews and the ancient Greeks had this in common. They were both anti-female. Not in the same way.

The Jews were anti-female in their religion. The sort of heaven they were after, if you examine it critically, is largely unisexual, with the emphasis on maleness.

The Greeks were anti-female in a more mundane way. In heaven they allowed equal rights to both gods and goddesses, but on earth they were frankly homosexual. They thought that only man has a soul, and that to love a woman, who is without one, would be degrading.

Now, and this is the surprising bit, the feature that our culture took from each of these two roots was in each case the one that is anti-female. We took our science from the Greeks and our religion

from the Jews. We thus started life with a built-in double degradation of one of our two sexes.

This, as I say, is surprising. What is not surprising, having started life in this strange manner, is that we are now in deep trouble.

There still exist cultures, side by side with ours, that have not lost half their potential in this way, that are still very properly conscious of the two sides of things. They are conscious of the pompous, military, formal, impressive, idealistic, and utterly humourless masculine side, but they are equally conscious of, and allow an equal importance to, the intimate, secret, informal, intuitive, regenerative, and hilariously funny feminine side. And this side, alas, is the side that our culture won't allow us to take seriously.

Other cultures allow it. Ours does not. Other people's heavens are full of females with a complementary status to the males, and complications galore. Ours does not approve of this sort of thing. Officially, it is frowned on.

Of course, poets have always dug it. We dig it from the muse. Hence music. And the muse, please note, is female. She is not a god but a goddess.

But then poets, in our culture, are also frowned on. Of course. Anyone foolish enough to think that a woman has anything sensible to say to a man must be crazy. They must be joking.

Yes indeed. Joking. But does anybody ever stop to consider that a joke is never the least bit funny unless it is true.

These other cultures, the ones that allow an equal importance to both sides of existence, we have, from our one-sided view, corrupted grievously. How it is that a half-culture can dominate and corrupt a whole one, I shall discuss later in the book.

Since some years back I have felt the need for an author, brought up in the western tradition, and having attained at least a professional degree of competence in more than one science, to try as best he can to bridge the gap between these two sides of human nature. We need, it seems to me, to realize a perspective between the formal and the informal, between male and female, between west and east, between the philosophy and religion of doing, and the non-philosophy and non-religion of being.

It is difficult to write about. The subject is bigger than knowledge. It is as big as life itself, and takes about as long to learn. No book about it can reveal very much. About all any book can do is perhaps open the door. Just a little way.

This book did not in fact come of that plan. It was an accident. It got written as a result of a very unhappy event for me and the girl I was engaged to marry. What happened is described later. For the moment, all I need say is that it meant the breaking of our betrothal. Not because we didn't love or didn't fit—we did both—but for reasons that seemed, to me at least, terribly wrong.

After this I became filled with despondency. I knew my misery was a sort of mixture of fury and self-pity, but there seemed to be nothing I could do to put an end to it. Despite all my efforts to escape its thrall, it held me in a vice-like grip. My friends thought I would die. I thought I might. I had to consciously remember to eat, sleep, etc. The only thing I could do spontaneously was write.

Looking back on it now, I could perhaps wish the book had been produced more calmly. But then, although it might have contained fewer faults, it might also have been less entertaining.

We endure with scarcely a tremor the knowledge that the universe will eventually collapse. We view with more concern the fact that our solar system might one day cease to support life. Even less attractive is the thought that the earth may soon be unfit to live in. Worse than this, our country might get its balance of payments wrong. Even worse, a member of our family might be

involved in some scandal. Worse still, one might sicken and die. But what is more terrible than to be parted from one's love?

In this book I break two unwritten rules. In the first place I try to say something positive. In the second, I speak from my own experience.

If you read a modern university textbook on, shall we say, psychology, you would think the author didn't have any experience of his own. I know that the reason given for this extraordinary omission is that, in respect of one's own experience, one is likely to be biased and therefore not 'objective'. But if you cannot be honest about your own experience, how the hell can you expect to be honest about anyone else's. And if you think you are likely to be 'mistaken' about your own experience, how much more likely are you to be mistaken about somebody else's experience of which, by definition, you have no experience.

As for saying something positive, you will find, if you go to college these days, that it simply isn't done. Why? Well, for one thing, it is so much easier to be negative.

The joke about modern philosophy teachers who call themselves positivists is that what they have to teach is wholly negative. Give one of these 'positivists' something that really is positive, a poem or some other observation written from experience, and what does he do? He tears it to pieces. But search his own work, and you will find he has nothing to say. He makes, of his own experience of things, nothing whatever. His literary activity is wholly predatory.

Of course anything positive can be torn to pieces. What is positive is what has made itself vulnerable. It has brought itself as far as it can, faults and all, into existence. A lily is positive. So is a child. So is love. All three can be very easily torn to pieces. None can be so easily put together again.

In the history of this planet, mankind has been in scientific

labour for at least nine thousand years. With what outcome? Well, he can make a weed killer. But he cannot make a weed.

Walk down the mainstreet of any big city. Look in people's faces as they pass. What do you see? Four times out of five, you see pain. Maybe they are conscious of it, maybe not yet. But it is already there, clearly visible.

If we wish, we can take it to the bitter end. We can act out the tragedy, right to the final curtain. No one will stop us.

All the same, there really is nothing to prevent us rewriting the stage-directions.

James Keys
Cambridge England
St Patrick's day 1971

Children of the future Age
Reading this indignant page,
Know that in a former time
Love! sweet Love! was thought a crime.

William Blake

Introduction

I chose my seat, as I usually do, opposite a nice-looking girl. I remember she was reading Hemingway. She looked up at me, and that was it. Flash.

When the train stopped at Liverpool Street we got out and had coffee there in the dingy snack-bar.

We didn't speak. We didn't even touch. We just looked at each other.

I wanted to miss my next appointment. I wanted to say to her, 'Don't catch your next train. Come home with me.'

Fool that I was. Afraid to express my feelings in case they frightened her away. Maybe they would have. It was all the same anyway. I kept my appointment and she caught her train. From Paddington.

All the time I was keeping my appointment I wished I wasn't. When it finished I went straight to Paddington and searched all over the station. In case she had missed the train. She hadn't. I knew she wouldn't. But it seemed right to look for her.

We had swapped addresses, so I wrote. I told her I went to Paddington in case she had missed the train. She wrote back and said she wished she had. We wrote again. Love letters. I had never written one before.

Within a month she decided to leave college and come to live with me. A few days later I asked her to marry me and she accepted. It seemed inevitable.

We never believed in marriage before this. We considered it dangerous because it deprives people of the right to live their own lives. If married people come adrift their affairs go before some finger-wagging magistrate. But now it didn't seem to matter. We felt we had no choice. The decision did not seem to be with us, but with heaven, and we thought we might as well please our parents and accept the social convenience of doing it the 'proper' way.

They say love is blind. What we overlooked was that the first concern of a normal family is to ensure that its children are not totally lost to the fold. The girl's family were not so keen on her being 'overwhelmingly happy' (as she wrote to her parents), they were rather more concerned that they should have some say in the matter of whom she married and when. Marriage being a social contract arranged in respect of the huge personal and sexual jealousies of the two parental families, part of the payment in the bargain is usually that the new union should not be so close that the original families can no longer keep tabs on the offspring and exercise a certain measure of control.

My mistress's family felt, and not without reason, that if she married me she would be lost to them. They objected to the fact that we were living together without being 'churched', and at the same time did everything they could to prevent the marriage ever taking place. Eventually, after a short sharp siege, they took the girl away with them. She was sent back to college to finish her degree course, and persuaded that it was 'in her own interest' to break off her engagement to me.

If our love was so easily sacrificed to these personal and academic ends, then it might as well be published. Others at least might profit from our mishandling of it.

Traditionally, there is a place called paradise.

Instead of regarding it as a place, it is equally true, and sometimes practical, to consider it as a state of mind.

Looking at it this way, it may be easier to see the possibility of any being attaining it any where and at any time. Thus, as has always been known to the deepest Christian doctrine, a human being can attain it on earth.

In the east they look at it slightly differently. They say there are many paradises, and that our Christian heaven is one of them. But where east and west agree is in the possibility of attaining it on earth.

All artists, every where and at every time, are aware of this tradition. And each artist, when he has developed his discipline far enough, aims to go there himself, and perhaps record, if he can, some message.

The state, or the place, whichever you like to call it, is frequently attained by the artist while alone, removed as far as possible from the distracting influences of the world.

What has become clear to me now is that it need not be alone. Two people can, but quite a different way, take a trip to paradise together.

All right, all right. The well-known magic of love. Well, if you know it and wish to stop reading, dear Reader, please do. But it is not, I find, so well known, at least in our present grossly overinformed society, as you might think.

If you say 'I love you' to a girl, she thinks you mean sex. We teach sex in schools, but love is a totally unmentionable subject, and a totally forbidden object. It is so forbidden that most of us have forgotten what it was, or even that it exists.

It is possible to know love and still miss the experience of total relationship. When the completeness of love passes a certain degree, a change takes place in the relationship of the lovers, and what was magic is replaced by what is miraculous. In this book I attempt to give an account of the experience, individually, jointly,

and cosmically, where love passes beyond this magic point. I feel so inadequate to the task that I ought to apologize for attempting it, but I am compelled to relate it and you, dear Reader, are not compelled to read it unless you wish.

A man usually approaches a woman through her physical attractiveness, normally at its zenith between 14 and 24. If he gets no farther than this, he will cease to feel anything for her when she loses her figure.

To marry a woman with any success, a man must have a total experience of her, he must come to see her and accept her in time as well as in space. Besides coming to love through attraction what she is now, he must also come to *realize and love equally* the baby and the child she once was, and the middle-aged woman and the old crone she will eventually become. This does not mean, if he had first met her as a middle-aged woman, for example, that he could necessarily have ever found his way in from there. Nature has her own reasons for fashioning the woman's time-gate where it is, but once the man comes through it, he can and must go beyond it and into the woman's whole being, or there will be no real marriage, it will be only a temporary affair.

Before this particular encounter I might have said, if asked, that I knew this total experience. After all I'm a poet, I'd be supposed to. But in fact I didn't know it. And this was not for want of previous encounters, instructive and delightful though they were, with the opposite sex.

In previous encounters, each of us had something particular to learn or to unlearn, the commitment did not really go much beyond this. Undertaken in the friendliest of spirits, yes, but we never expected the relationship to be permanent, and it never was. Partings, when they came, were amicable, there was not much suffering, and we remained friends.

I used to think this was all there was to it, and that getting

married meant staying together like this, or attempting to, for rather longer than usual. After all, when one doesn't know the real thing, one naturally thinks what one does know is the real thing.

But now it was different. Earlier loves, by comparison, seemed thin and homosexual. Our culture confines us so much to the similarities of the sexual relationship, the all-good-pals-together act, that we can easily overlook the magic difference, the difference that in fact makes it *impossible* for a man and a woman ever really to be 'pals together', but nevertheless gives us the chance of being very much more.

Some of us have more to learn, or unlearn maybe, than others. Anyway it seems to me to be important for people to have the chance to try themselves out, and to try out each other, and learn something of the possibilities and impossibilities of living together, without immediately plunging into a contract that is very difficult to break and, because of the nature of its provisions, can hardly ever be undone without extreme nastiness.

Even these days it is still regarded as something of a sin to live together without being officially married. The odd bit of sex is OK, maybe, but actually *living* together, well, what will people *think*, etc. Because of this I am sure there are many young people today who are living together married, but who should really be only living together. The divorce courts at least bear witness to the truth of this.

The more advice you get, the less likely you are to realize what your relationship can offer. When all is said and done, *you* are the one who marries you partner, not your sister or your father or your mother or your brother or your friend.

The person who really fits you is always recognizable, but may take time to find. The status that such a person confers upon you is the status of who you really are. Only you know this, but until you meet the right person you may not be fully conscious of it.

Meeting a person who actually fits you is rare enough to awaken *extreme* jealousy in other people, especially in those who are near and dear to you. So in deference to their feelings, and in fairness to yourself, you should never parade the fact.

I can make a song and dance about it now since I lost it. But you, dear Reader, should never make a song and dance about it when you find it. Not unless you also wish to lose it. You must be quieter than a mouse. And so must your partner. It's your secret, and if that's the way you want it, then that's the way you have to keep it. It is totally unnecessary to inform anyone at all that your relationship is anything more than ordinary and humdrum. You can marry whom you please. You do not have to give a reason. If you must, you can give some daft reason, like you admire his/her hairstyle, clothes, intellect, anything fake. Reasons may become hostages, so make sure you give away none that you'd be sorry to lose.

All the tragic lovers in literature let on about their love. They told. So if you find yourself taking very strongly to another person, and you know you mustn't tell, how can you be sure it is the real thing? Like this. If you have any doubt about it, then it isn't.

I suppose many people, when they first come to it, lose it again, as we did, through indiscretion. And suffer in silence. It is after all the practice of the poet to make a song and dance about what other people accept with inarticulate reserve. And who is to say that their silence is less noble than his song.

Some people express the view that the paradise of total love is not a possible state to maintain practically for any length of time, at least not for human beings. I am not convinced. It is true that to maintain it must require great discipline. But great discipline is possible to human beings, even though rare. And we must remember that any couple who are maintaining such a state will be pretending not to. So it might be a case where the public doctrine is always opposed to the private practice.

Of course there are couples living together who are happy enough not to have the experience. I don't think many people I know are engaged in total love, and I don't think many people even wish for such an arrangement. To begin with, it is not at all an intellectual experience. Analytic discussion either seems incredibly funny or, if taken seriously, is poisonous.

Although more than usually intelligent, both my mistress and I happened to feel a distaste for the purely intellectual, so we did in fact welcome an involvement that seemed to deliver us from some of its worst excesses.

This being so, it appears that one may, if one wishes, and if one is lucky enough, find a partner, and then proceed with him or her to paradise, without first going through the pains of purgatory. The main requirement seems to be that the partner must be a perfect fit, or as near perfect as makes no matter.

How does it work? Well, the fit, the lock-and-key affinity, seems to be the answer. The egos or outer personalities of the partners are dislodged by the tremendous affinity of the fit as the two inner selves lock together. If you go to paradise alone, you must first go through shocking pain as each scab of ego is dislodged. But when you go with your partner, your raw new inner self is immediately fitted into and accommodated by the equally egoless self of the other, where it sustains nourishment, protection, and a revitalizing communion with its own image-mate.

Dear Reader, I cannot possibly tell you what goes on in heaven. I can only recommend you to go there one day and see for yourself. Wangle yourself an invitation. It is incredibly hilarious. There are Mr Forsytes, of course, and Mrs Grundys, just like everywhere else, only much larger and more important and multidimensional and carefully skirted, and everyone is fully conscious of what he, she, it, and everything else is up to, because each person and thing, although manifestly separate, is simultaneously, in the unmanifest aspect, one and the same person and thing, so nobody can keep up any *attitude* for any length of

time without bursting into laughter. The whole manifest world, with poor serious pompous important little man perched somewhat tottering out at the seventh level, counting down from the centre, which is everywhere, all comes spinning out of the nothingness in the middle of it all in the most indescribably inevitable way which is in fact, in form, and in content the only possible way. Nothing is left to chance, precisely because *if we insist on making nothing into some thing, all this nonsense is the only thing nothing can really be.*

If not, my dear Sir or Madam, what the hell do you think all this huge meaningless universe *is*, how the devil do you think it *got* here, what the rude word do you think it *came* from, where the even ruder word do you think it's *going* to, and why?

The thing that puts poor dear sweet serious pompous little man off about heaven is its simply stupendous rudeness. That and its illogicality. The same thing really. After all, what is logic but a set of polite formalities to hide everything? Imagine Beethoven's fifth symphony, about twenty million times ruder. And that's only the rudeness aspect. There's all the other aspects to consider. All infinity of them. Not to mention the more intimate arrangements. Punch and Judy. And the completely perfectly carefully careless dilettanteliberate infiltramentitious circular formula love-game we are playing in the First Division. Oh, dear, and I haven't even begun. You think it's in the Bible? The arrangements for the Vicarage Garden Party? My dear Sir, you haven't even begun. Whereas *you*, Madam, you knew it all along. Nearer to it all all along, and more patient than your miserable menfolk. Quite patient enough to wait several thousand years for it to dawn on us again. Mind you we won't accept *all* the blame. But we won't heap it all onto you any more either. We realize how unfair it was of naughty old God to make you eat that rotten apple and then go on and on at you about it for thousands of years as if it was your fault. Just one of his practical jokes, I'm afraid, not in frightfully good taste, what.

Honestly, what do you think heaven is? A polite tea party?

Well, I wouldn't put it past it. It could be. We could get it arranged. If this is what you wish. And when we are all tired of the tea party, we could arrange something else. There really is no limit to what we can arrange, as long as you are willing to take it *seriously*. That's all we ask. Otherwise you'll *see through* it. Then there won't be much point, will there? After all, we could save ourselves the trouble.

Suppose we divert ourselves for a moment into the appendix called history. Down this particular alley we find a peculiar blindness that can be traced back to the Jewish Old Testament. In this document, God appears without a partner, a Creator without a Creatrix. If a god of this magnitude is supposed to exist, then what about his corresponding goddess-mistress? If, in His household, She is never mentioned, it looks very suspicious.

To put it bluntly, it looks as if the male is so afraid of the fundamentally different order of being of the female, so terrified of her huge magical feminine power of destruction and regeneration, that he daren't look at her as she really is, he is afraid to accept the difference, and so has repressed into his unconscious the whole idea of her as *another kind of being*, from whom he might learn what he could not know of himself alone, and replaced her with the idea of a sort of second-class replica¹ of himself who, because she plays the part of a man so much worse than a man, he can feel safe with because he can despise her.

What follows is a typical psychoneurosis, with all its evasions, explanations, and paranoid compulsions. Man becomes afraid and resentful of the archetypal woman within himself. He begins to paint her out, to block off his experience of her. But as soon as he loses sight of the archetypal woman, he loses sight of the physical woman too. And because it is the man's business to be articulate, not the woman's, when the man forgets who the woman is, then so does the woman.

Heaven knows no fury like a woman scorned. The archetypal woman, now deeply unconscious in both sexes, begins to take

her revenge. She starts to destroy, and destroy quite ruthlessly, the fabricated civilization that treats her this way. If man will not acknowledge her, if she cannot thereby acknowledge herself, then of course she must destroy the negativity of the existence that refuses to come to terms with the way she is.

We keep thinking the destruction is coming from the outside, from the Russians, from the Chinese, etc. Just as they keep thinking it is coming from us. Really, of course, it is coming from the inside. Our insides don't care for the way we happen to make out these days.

All man's philosophy is a rationalization of his inner experience—or lack of it. And a lack of inner experience of the archetypal woman is expressed in a very obvious manner, by academic materialism, or its modern offshoot, logical positivism.

Some logical positivists would not call themselves materialists, but they still share the same attitude. They maintain that what is real is only what can be described when you look outwards, when you look at tables and chairs and suchlike. What you see when you look inwards, the archetypal pattern, the divine love, the sense of how it all fits together, this they say is unreal and ought to be ignored. At the same time they manage somehow to suggest that it is dangerous and ought to be done away with.

Of course the way they teach it is more sophisticated than this, and very effective, I know, when confined to its own discipline. But where it carries over to other disciplines, poetry for example, or psychology, I think, without being unfair, this is rather the sort of impression that generally gets across.

The original empiricist philosophers, men like Locke, Hume, and Mill, were amongst the people who got this academic materialism working for them in a big way. Their philosophies were in some respects sadly contrary to normal experience.

Some of them taught a doctrine that the mind of a child starts

by being perfectly blank. All it ever knows, they said, is what is imposed or impressed upon it from the outside. Oh yes. Where, then, do original ideas come from? What about mathematics, what about music, what about poetry?

Well, modern logical positivists have a very slick way of dealing with these things. Not to put too fine a point on it, they say they are all nonsense.

It is easy to see that the logical positivist, and to some extent the modern scientist also, following the empiricists, have come to treat only the masculine husk, the outward appearance of things, as the reality, and to ignore or pooh-pooh the less obvious feminine reality of their inward nature.

The mind, like the body, has an outside and an inside. It has a superficial, obvious aspect, but it also has a deeper and much more subtle aspect. Each is just as real as the other. Neither can exist on its own. To suppose that the mind starts off perfectly blank, without an internal reality of any kind, is not only unwarranted: it flies in the face of the evidence.

Anyway, as materialists often tell us, the mind is a reflexion of the body. Do they think, then, that the body starts off by being perfectly blank (whatever this would mean), and grows into its present shape because of what is imposed or impressed upon it from the outside?

Of course not. We know that the shape of the body is organized and grows from within, and that there is very little we can do to it from without except decorate or deform it.

At the very least, we have no evidence whatever to suggest that the realest and most important structures of the mind are not formed similarly from within, and that what we can do to it from without, in the nature of training and education, is scarcely more, by comparison with the body, than impress it with a few decorations and deformities.

In fact, those of us who have the courage to turn away from our obsession with what is outside, which has become with us now a sort of racial neurosis, and look back within, find here a whole world of tremendous significance and familiarity, which the poets of all languages have always kept alive, a world just as complete and real and 'objective' as the world outside, to which it appears intimately related, and without which the outside world does not make sense.

This is of course to be expected. The essential shape of the body does not vary from man to man. We should expect the essential shape of the mind to be the same. In fact, we can set about to explore this inner microcosm. It takes many years, and indeed it has been charted in many different ways, badly and well, but in all cases quite recognizably in respect of its salient features, over many centuries, in many textbooks which our civilization now pooh-poohs and ignores. Yet the 'reasons' given for ignoring these books would apply equally well to our present textbooks of chemistry and physics, as being full of unproved assumptions (which they are), disagreeing with each other (which they do), varying according to what is fashionable (which they do), and being full of errors (which they are). Discounting these objections which, let's face it, apply to all textbooks written by human beings, we find, *provided only that we have first familiarized ourselves with the world they attempt to chart*, that what they say is substantially correct and agreeable. After all, let's face it again, a textbook of physics would be utter mumbo-jumbo to anyone, however clever, who had, for some reason, never familiarized himself with physical existence.

This is not meant to be a textbook, so I don't intend to re-chart much of the ground that has already been charted elsewhere, except to say that, as all textbooks agree, what we find in the microcosm or inner world contains a complete image of what we find in the macrocosm, the outer world that the materialist thinks is the only reality.

The words 'microcosm' and 'macrocosm', although they have

to some extent been used as I have just employed them here, are not entirely suitable, either from their root-formations or their historical associations, for the two aspects of reality that I wish to consider further. In the pages that follow I shall use the word 'holocosm' for the aspect of reality that is observed by exploring inwards, and 'merocosm' for the aspect that is observed by exploring outwards. In the familiar Biblical analogy, the acorn is a holocosmic aspect of the merocosmic oak tree, because, perfected (as it were) within the relatively spaceless and timeless compass of the acorn, is the essence or completion or kingdom of the oak tree, the signs that, when interpreted, become the laws of its being and possibility, irrespective of whether, in the merocosmic world, it may emerge stunted or dwarfed or diseased or lopsided or otherwise accidentally identified, or even not emerge at all.

These two aspects of being are equally real, but our education at present leads us to attribute an excessive degree of reality to the merocosm, and practically no reality to the holocosm. As we all know, any failure to see a reality can be dangerous, but this particular failure is unfortunately not one that can be corrected immediately. This is because, even if they would, not many teachers could instruct their charges in the holocosmic law. Our degree of departure from this reality seems now to be nearing its nadir, and although the vacuum of its absence is strongly felt, there is not I think one teacher in ten thousand today who has found the lonely road that will take him to a sufficient mastery of the holocosmic forms to enable him to teach them, and above all to *relate* them to our present inflated, overburdened, and sprawling knowledge of the merocosm, with any degree of confidence and authority.

It is necessary, I think, to be familiar with both sides of the curtain. But it is always difficult to maintain any sensible basis for discussion with someone who will keep on insisting that one side is 'the wrong side'.

The merocosmic materialist begins and ends his account of the

world with matter—more or less hard lumps of stuff flying about in outer space. But when we try to find out what the 'matter' is, we find we can't. Apply the usual scientific tests, and what happens? It fades away, dissolves, leaves 'not a rack behind'.

This is not just a practical difficulty that could be resolved with better instruments. It is a necessary and absolute limitation of our knowledge of the external world, embodied in what we now call the principle of Heisenberg.

The principle of Heisenberg was not clearly understood in western science until 1925, although the Chinese had already realized² it as long ago as the fourth century BC, and possibly before. It amounts to this.

To observe anything in the outside world, we have to interfere with it, for example by shining a light on it. And the more sensitive it is, the more the interference changes it. In respect of the most sensitive reality, what we actually see can bear no resemblance to what it really is.

In any objective investigation, this principle operates at every level. The social sciences are perhaps too young to be very conscious of its effects in their fields, but it operates here in two ways. First, if you publish what you suppose (from your investigations) people will do, they read it and do something else. Or they do it because you suppose they will. Secondly, in any case, people (like other things) that are being watched don't behave like people who aren't being watched. In a very material sense, the eye of the investigator alienates whatever it rests on, from the electron upwards.

It follows that any sufficiently sensitive reality, of any kind, material or otherwise, is completely *unavailable* to the kinds of probing investigation that are, in fact, our *only* means of identifying anything in the outside world.

Just supposing (as we might) that the ultimate reality, the

basic ground, as it were, that renders everything exactly as it is, is something so incredibly sensitive—like a sort of infinitely fast film—that the minutest outside probe, of any kind, obscures it so that we cannot see it. If this were so, *either* we should never know it at all, *or* we should have to find a *totally different way to approach it*.

As it happens, there is another way. It is still possible (although the out-and-out materialist of course denies it) to reveal, to ourselves at least, what this ultimate reality is by looking not outwards but inwards. This way we do not disturb it because here we *are* it. Indeed the *faculty* by which we do this is utterly familiar. It is called, appropriately enough, insight.

Like any other faculty, the faculty of insight can be developed. If you are to become a mathematician, or an artist of any kind, you must develop it to a very high degree. And indeed, when we have developed our insight far enough, we can begin to see how the excessively 'real' appearance of the physical world is in fact brought about.

It comes through a very clever trick. It depends on an elaborate procedure for forgetting just what it was we did to make it how we find it.

Amongst other things, what we have to forget so carefully is the fact that we drew up all the hazards ourselves. Indeed the principle of Heisenberg ensures that there really is no 'outside world' other than the one we constructed. It is, in fact and in fantasy, a *projection* of the shape of the instruments we used to investigate it. And the instruments (i.e. ourselves) are of course an introjection of this projection of this introjection of this projection of etc. Our *forgetting* how it is made up is our way of *fixing* the appearance of the world in just the particular way it happens to be. Of course we can't undo it if we can't remember how we did it, and the less we can undo it the more independent, the more beyond our control, it seems.³

In other words, what we forget, partly involuntarily, partly deliberately, is that, many levels of existence back (seven, to be exact), *we* (or, as we were at that point, *it*) made the original *decision*, the original introjection that eventually, like dealing a pack of cards, became projected as the distinctions between one thing and another.

We only have to do it a different way, and the whole *outer* world looks and sounds and feels and *is* quite different, although the *inner* world, containing as it does *all* the possibilities of its interpretation, remains always the same. Only from the inner world can we see the outer world as one of an infinite variety of arbitrary constructions. The magic and the miraculous, of course, are the *apparition*, in the outer world, of a change to the boundaries, a reshuffling of the cards, originating in, or at least conducted from, the inner world.

In the whole science of physics there is no such thing as a thing. Hundreds of years ago we carefully forgot this fact, and now it seems astonishing even to begin to remember it again. *We* draw the boundaries, *we* shuffle the cards, *we* make the distinctions. In physics, yes physics, super-objective physics, solid reliable four-square dam-buster physics, clean wholesome outdoor fresh-air family-entertainment science-fiction superman physics, they don't even exist. It's all in the mind. *If* you separate off this bit here (you can't *really*, of course) and call it a *particle* (that's only a name, of course, it's not really like that, more like waves really, only not really like that either, not really like anything really) surrounded by *space* (space is not what you think, more a sort of mathematical invention, and just as real, or just as unreal, as the particle. In fact the particle and the space are the same thing really (except that we shouldn't really say 'thing'), the sort of hypothetical space got knotted up a bit somewhere, we don't know exactly where because we can't see it, we can only see where it was before we saw it, if you see what I mean, I mean even that's not what it was really *like*, it was waves (or rather photons) of light carrying a message that may well be very unlike the thing, sorry, particle (remember this is only an *abstraction*, so

that we can *talk* about it (it? sorry, we don't have an *it* in physics)) it (sorry!) came from. After all, we don't know that a thing (pardon!) is telling the truth about itself (would you mind looking the other way while I change into something formal?) when it emits (excuse me!) a blast (do forgive me!) of radiation, do we?), THEN (if you have followed the argument so far) *this* (I mean all these mathematical formulae, of course. What did you think I meant?) is how it happens to come out. Of course, if you start in a different place (no, I'm afraid I can't tell you what a place is, although I could of course draw you a graph) and do it a different way (do please stop interrupting, darling, or we shall never get done), it (it? What we are talking about, my dear. It is convenient to at least pretend we are talking about something otherwise there would not be much point in doing physics, would there?) would naturally come out different.

The significance of this way of talking, which, as everybody knows, is called modern science,⁴ is maintained by means of a huge and very powerful magic spell cast on everybody to put us all to sleep for a hundred years, like that nice Miss Sleeping Beauty, while the amusements are being rigged up. We don't want people strolling all over the place asking awkward questions and making it collapse before it is ready do we? All in good time, when we have carefully finished building ourselves this nice big house of cards, we can, if we all keep our eyes shut tight and hold our breath and wish hard enough, we can all play this nice game of houses and all go and live in it before it all falls down. Except of course there isn't enough room there for everybody all at once, so we all have to not be too greedy and take it in turns.

It is not to everyone's taste, of course. Some don't seem to care for it much. Others try to change it when they get there. But if, for example, you want to change the big dipper, the time when you are least equipped to do so is the time when you happen to be taking a trip on it. They forget that. Some buy another ticket and go round again.

Well, Reader dear, we got a glimpse of the holocosm from the merocosm, and now we seem to have managed a squint at the merocosm from the holocosm. We have to be a bit careful about doing it this way round, the authorities are none too keen on letting every tom dick and harry behind the scenes, we built all these amusements you see and of course we want them to be used. Come along, ladies and gentlemen, gods and goddesses, your last chance to visit the Universe, unbelievably realistic, have your tickets ready! Our representative on the course is waiting to greet you, so hurry along please, stand clear of the gates, mind the doors, be good, see you all again soon!

Well, here we are, dear Reader, back in the old physical world again, Bridlington pier and the old dip-the-dips, hold tight, woops, how's it feel, you can take your ear-plugs out now and I promise not to say anything improper.

There happens to be a whole section of the holocosm that you are still quite freely allowed to revisit while you are here as guests in the merocosm. It is called mathematics.

Perhaps it never occurred to you that mathematical things such as numbers are not in the physical universe? Search as long as you like, dear Reader, you won't find a single number, not even of any kind, down here, although there are, of course, enough numbers to go round whenever you want to count things. The source of supply just happens to be in a deeper level of existence, that's all. The ancients were well aware of the divinity of mathematics. The material world and the mathematical world are different orders of being, yet we can still see how closely they marry and complement and give meaning to one another. It is the same in other disciplines.

What we know in the holocosm, we can know for certain. That $n^p \equiv n$ to modulus p when n and p are natural integers and p is prime, is not a matter of opinion.⁵ A mathematician *knows* it is so, without the slightest doubt whatever. How can he be so

certain? Precisely because he does not use his human eyes to see it with, he uses his *insight* to observe it as a *spectacle* or play (*theatre* and *theorem* have of course the same root) put on for his benefit in the holocosm where numbers exist, and *evoked* by the particular way he learned, through his *initiation* into mathematics, to *conjure* with certain *symbols*.

The precise *secrets* of the mathematician's discipline or craft, the cunning⁶ evocations whereby he *calls up*, from the *depths* of his being, what *can* be known with absolute certainty, took him many years to acquire, and in history took mankind as many thousands of years to *establish*. This is why they are called secrets—the mere telling of them carries little or no conviction. As in all holocosmic arts, the *certainty* of the truth they display comes from the *mastery* of the law they embody.—

Our direct vision or insight into the holocosm, once we have learnt to use it, is no less certain than our ordinary (and, as any neurologist will tell you, extremely *indirect*) physical vision into the merocosmic world of tables and chairs and what we are having for breakfast. The main difference, apart from its added clarity from directness, is that what is seen in the holocosm is so much more interesting because it is *prior to* what is seen in the merocosm. 'Prior to' means exactly what it says: more important. The inner levels strictly determine *how* the outer levels *can be*, not the other way round. To fly to the moon we *must* know, and strictly obey, amongst other things from the holocosm, the mathematical laws of motion. But, to discover the laws of motion, it is not necessary to have been to the moon.⁷

Poets and other master artists who visit other places and levels of the holocosm observe them with the utterly clear direct vision and precision of a master mathematician, and they see how it applies with equal rigour to other fields of being and activity in the material world, and it is because they are able to speak, however obscurely they do it (let's be fair, even the best mathematicians are often very obscure indeed), with a certainty equal

to that of a mathematician, that people who cannot see⁸ the reason for their certainty find it so irritating.

We all adore or hate in another what we have alienated in ourselves. Adoration is not love, it is hatred in reverse. Those who merely *adore* the Original Male Being in the holocosm, see Him as two beings, God and the Devil, as the alternation of the opposites, desire and disgust, with which they have polarized their vision.⁹

What we have alienated in ourselves is in fact what it is possible to *know* in respect of the complete and universal totality of being and non-being. Why do simple discoveries of the obvious take so long? Not because man is *incapable* of seeing them, but because he is *neurotically prevented* from seeing them by his own self-imposed alienation from what he knows must be so.

Jung has a nice instance of a man who decided to deny the existence of his left hand. All the manifestations of his left hand had to be explained away as 'nothing but' what could be most easily sneered at or pooh-poohed, and his speech and manner became idealistic, analytic, and doctrinaire in the extreme.

What the artist is offering is to return the stolen left hand—to show his auditor something that every whole person possesses, and, in particular, something that his auditor might not even be aware, until his attention is drawn to it, that he had lost. Thus it is that any real work of art, in any medium, has this in common with every other such work: the way it goes seems at all points to be inevitable, and yet at the same time appears utterly astonishing.

The compelling nature of an artist's work that puts it above a merely personal record is that the artist speaks directly of *his auditor's* experience. How? Because the artist has learned to clean his work of its merely personal elements, leaving behind the common reality that belongs as equally to his auditor as it does to himself.

The poet, having found his way to a place in his being that is universal, undertakes to show us the way to it in ourselves. 1, he learns to go there alone. 2, he masters the *formalities* of at least one of the arts *through* which his experience of this place may be re presented, i.e. re called and re collected in himself and in others. This takes him, for each art so mastered, some seven years of devotion in which he must *familiarize* himself with the *secrets* of his *calling*, the great and inviolable *laws* and the lesser and breakable *rules* of his *discipline* or *craft*. Having then, by his devotion to their disciplines, become a *master* of his *arts*, he is fledged enough, 3, to take his reader or auditor on a trip with him to a place that is common to them both, but which the auditor either could not find on his own, or if he happened to stumble across it would be in danger of becoming lost.

The poet has been lost many times, but, through persistence, stamina, luck, guidance, and incredible turns of fate, he has somehow survived these dangers and now knows his way around well enough not to get lost, and to be able to take another with him to and from the strange yet familiar places of the universal archetypal world.

This is, of course, one of the reasons for the characteristic *form* of a given work of art: being designed as a space-vehicle for exploring inner space. A properly designed symphony, for example, takes you on a kind of space trip in reverse. Blast off with the first movement; first orbit; second orbit; clearance for deeper space; arrival at objective; exploration of objective; dance or diversion; recapitulation; re-entry; coda or leave-taking. In short, a well-constructed work of art will pick you up, transport you, show the secrets of your being, return you, and plant you back on your feet again wondering what hit you.

God, of course, knows all our symphonies, all our poems, all our theorems as the trivialities that, to Him, they undoubtedly are. This doesn't mean that He doesn't need our formulations of them: the holocosm and the merocosm are married to each other as completely as any man and woman. Our often laboured

proofs of their evidence represent the ways in which we, as imperfect and highly involuted natural beings, must untwist our contortions in order to see again directly what He, being untwisted and uncontorted in the First Place, can already 'see' without even looking. He does not need to perform the antics that we have to perform to get our comparatively miserable directions pointing towards certainty. But at least when we begin to get them straight enough to approach the Godhead, we find ourselves doing what is simple and obvious while everyone else is still engaged in what is complicated and absurd.

Beethoven, in his insight, reports that he reached so near to the Godhead that he experienced music timelessly, all at once. Mrs Brown of Balham, when she approaches the Beethoven region of the holocosm, reports a similar experience, although she is not able to note down so much of the music, being devoid of Beethoven's colossal powers of expression. Beethoven reported that the music even he had the power to write down was mere riff-raff compared with the music he intimately knew.

This noting down of music, or mathematics, or poetry, is in fact a more or less huge task of translation from what is practically unimaginable and multiformal into something practically imaginable and uniformal, and the earthly music, etc, that is the outcome of this task is in fact very much poorer than the original supermusic, etc, from which it was translated.

One of the profounder secrets of getting so much of heaven out via a mere earthly work of art lies, in fact, in the particular form in which the work is cast. The artist, in his translation, not only respects the holocosmic *content*, but he moulds the *form* in which it is to make its earthly appearance so that it itself resembles, in some way, the formal balance of the holocosmic place where he found the content. The result, if he gets it right, is that the work possesses a sort of magical incandescence from the 'beats' or interference patterns produced when the heavenly light shines through the formality of an earthly window or grid that is itself, in some appropriate way, also heaven-shaped. The master artist

marries his form with his content to produce this effect instinctively, and rarely makes a mistake. The would-be artist, alas, rarely gets it right, because he hasn't yet reached the place in his knowing where he feels all his powers of expression to be so inadequate that he instinctively reaches out for some new magic to render the impossible possible.

Although some arts, like mathematics, have obvious physical applications, others seem to have no obvious physical application at all. Like an extinct species, they end somewhere back, before the present existence begins. Take music, for example. By material standards, absolutely meaningless. If it were not for the standards of *another world*, which even the dullest of us somehow dimly remembers, why on earth should anyone ever bother with music, let alone be able to judge that one piece is better than another? How could it be *better*, unless it was a *better representation* of something we already knew? And how could music possibly *transport* us as it does?

Music is an instructive example, because it is so *obviously unrepresentative of anything in the material world*. Although clearly a language, it is utterly undescriptive of anything out here. The logical positivist doesn't know *what* to do with it, except to call it meaningless, which he does. And poetry too. He calls that meaningless as well. And mathematics. Mathematics, he says, is really 'nothing but' a set of meaningless truisms, poetry is merely 'nothing but' a set of descriptions of material objects, daffodils and things, used emotively in various vague, ambiguous, and otherwise meaningless ways, and music, well, music is clearly 'nothing but', er, well, er, he really has no very clear idea exactly *what* it is nothing but, but at least he is quite positive that, whatever it is it is nothing but, it certainly is nothing but it.

It is easier to get confused about poetry than about music, because poetry makes use of a language whose more usual function is to describe the physical world, to talk about tables and chairs. In fact the master poet is not using the language like this at all, he is making a magic incantation, publishing a secret recipe,

striking a master key to a forbidden door, like the master musician and, yes, like the master mathematician. (Let's get it clear once and for all, mathematics is not what you learnt at school. *That* was a technique called *computing*, boring, mechanical, destructive, largely unnecessary, machines can do it better.) Whenever a poet is not doing this magic thing, whenever he is not striking these master keys, whatever else he is making, it ain't poetry. Verse maybe. After all he does have to practise. But a discerning person can tell between a poem and an exercise. An exercise may be clever and amusing and even edifying, but it takes us nowhere beyond itself. It says no more than its inventor intended it to say. It can be as true as you like, but it is not a poem unless it also finds that subtle combination to unlock a secret door to an other and limitless world.

Every artist, when he speaks *as* an artist, is speaking *from* the holocosm. The patterns he makes, although *in* the merocosm, are not *primarily* representative of anything in the merocosm. If they are he is not an artist but a craftsman, and although every artist must be a craftsman, not every craftsman needs to be an artist. The artist is creating artificial patterns in the material reality of the merocosm *in the likeness of what exists* in the non-material reality of the holocosm. By this, and by *no other*, criterion is his work, apart from its craftsmanship, truly judged. How else, in all conscience, could a work of art possibly *make sense*? Materialist 'explanations' of art, regarded dispassionately, are impossibly far-fetched. Indeed, the best the materialist can do, if he wants to stick to his guns, is to *deny the validity* of what the artist is expressing, to say that people don't in fact experience what they palpably do experience.

This is of course an utterly fraudulent trick, a dishonesty so brazen that it takes the breath away. What the materialist is doing is attempting to dictate to us what we are to *call* experience. Some of our experience is OK, he says, is in fact experience, but, on the other hand, some of our experience is incorrect or mistaken, and is therefore not really experience. Oh, very clever! See the trick? A *calculation* can be incorrect, an *opinion* (i.e. a

judgment or an interpretation) can be mistaken, an *argument* can be wrong. But calculation and opinion and argument are ways of *processing* experience, of acting on it and removing ourselves from it: they are not, repeat not, themselves experience. We can no more experience an experience incorrectly than we can dream a dream incorrectly.

True art is spoken directly from experience. A true poem cannot be wrong any more than a dream can be wrong. It can, however, like a dream, be clear or obscure, polite or rude, profound or trivial, fitting or disgraceful, well or badly recorded. And, and this is the really huge distinction between art and other walks of life, it never, repeat never, expresses an opinion.¹⁰

To those who are perhaps trying to feel their way towards it, the doctrine that attempts to deny them this way, although it may be an inevitable outcome of how we suffer our reality, has consequences that are, to say the least, unpleasant, both individually and collectively. For by ignoring what is within (what is underneath, fundamental, what has to be fished out or divined) and concentrating on what is without (what is superficial, mutable, fashionable) we tend naturally to replace what is important with what is trivial. And the most disastrous effects of this trivialization of experience are first apparent in and to the people for whom the prevailing fashion has not quite blocked off what it was they once knew.

Though I want her back, I do not pretend to want my mistress for any other reason than to recreate the experience, to live and grow with her for the rest of our natural lives, to satisfy the addiction I had formed for her. I do not say to satisfy her addiction for me, although it seemed equally strong. The meaning of marriage, as I now see, is that two people become so addicted to each other that they cannot live happily, or even live at all, apart. The addiction, each equally for the other, is their total security, and each renews and redoubles the strength of the other through an ecstatic exchange of benefits as long as they both live.

With us this was not to be, I can only record its absence and withdrawal. But I don't think I was mistaken to regard it so differently from any other experience I remember. It was not like the ordinary 'living together' I was used to. It is a more than ordinary attraction. I say again, I had not personally experienced it before, not in this life, although, even before we met, it was as though we were both seeking to recollect it from some earlier existence. It is not what is called 'transference' in psychotherapeutic jargon. There are no fantasies. Every thing is as it is.

I can say little as to how it happens. It seems to be an outcome of an inwardly marvellous fit, a truly compensating balance of strengths. There is complete ranging, not of your accidental class-conscious straightjacket egos, but of your two original responsive and responsible selves, leaving no hostages to chance on either side, no loose ends to turn to sourness in the woman, or to masculine protest, and no misunderstood area to breed pomposity or feminine musing in the man. You feel like an instrument that has at last been tuned. The range of your whole being—your real being, that is, not the personal accidents that are considered so important in 'planning' a marriage—your two ranges respond not just here and there, with a hit-or-miss inaccuracy, but somehow miraculously your bumps fit her indentations, and hers yours, over the whole range of your joint responsive scale, resulting in a massive coming-alive of your whole potentiality, both jointly and separately, in a way that defies description or even comparison.

It is not, to my knowledge, in the psychological textbooks. (Come to think of it, they seldom classify states of mind that don't allow the classifier to feel superior.) Jung does not seem to mention it, although it is true that, in his Answer to Job, he prophesies it. Even poets missed it, although some of the seventeenth century poets clearly knew it, as my mistress was quick to point out. Earlier still, Dante seems to have found it with Beatrice. And, of living poets, Robert Graves clearly seems to speak of it, and I am sure there must be others.

It remains true that, as from the grace of any paradise, the fall must be hard to bear. From the paradise of total love, the fall is long and steep. But we do not get evicted, I think, unless we fail in some way to pay the rent.

I keep this book, and other trinkets, as a reminder of what I once knew, but neither the state of grace nor the fall from it can be adequately described, even with talents much greater than mine. You must know, dear Reader, that compared with what was really taking place, this book is no more than a worthless scrap of paper blown away by the wind.

Love consists in this, that two solitudes
protect and touch and greet each other.

Rainer Maria Rilke

Letter before

Lovely girl

What am I to say? You are testing me. I can only tell you what you already know. What you and I have taken millions of lifetimes to find out for ourselves.

You know this. Two people are struck in heaven, different sides of the same being. They are scattered on earth, and must seek until they find each his/her other side, over many lifetimes if necessary. The search seems endless, often they think they have found each other, but it is not so. When they do, they know it is so because heaven opens to receive them back. The male and the female become as a single one. The fields, the trees, the waters, the animals, the people all rejoice, and happiness and beauty flowers all round them, because they are content. Their relationship is without limit. The poetry of its creation passes from this time forth for ever.

Love is acceptance. It is the highest discipline on earth. Anything less is not love, but tyranny. In love, two people free each other. In what passes for love, they bind each other. The key cannot correct the lock, nor may the lock mould the key. If they do not fit, there is only grinding pain and breakage, and the door is not opened. All this we both know.

You know also this. I can make no decision for you, nor you for me. That is your freedom and mine. Somewhere back along the line someone has fooled you into thinking you don't have this freedom, and you feel guilty about using it. The amount of pain in the world is constant, you cannot add to it or subtract from it, much as it might boost your ego to think that you could. You are free to choose pleasure or pain, as it suits your need of the moment.

Lovely girl, in heaven you are a Goddess and I am a God, but on earth we are both weak and helpless and need endless patience and understanding. Marry heaven and earth, and strength comes.

In becoming conscious of our divinity we lose nothing of our humanity. In love I am human, with all the agonized and heightened sensibility of a human being in love. I suffer agonies when you do not write, I look for the slightest sign of reproach, I wonder if I have displeased you in some way. Any sign of affection is nectar to me, I cannot have enough of it. I dwell on it, I read it all ways up, I try to make it look more than it really is!

And yet, all the time, I smile above myself, knowing us to be but two sides of one being—as well might one pull the daisy to pieces—the dear day's eye—in a frenzy of 'She loves me! She loves me not!'—knowing that the North Pole cannot feel the attraction of the South Pole without the South Pole feeling the attraction of the North Pole, that your own sweet beauty is also in the eye of the beholder, and that if I sometimes see you at fault it is because I also feel myself so.

Had we but World enough, and Time,
This coyness Lady were no crime.

Andrew Marvell

1 The Opening

Once every 500 years
The gates of heaven are opened
Just a little way
Just a little light
Just a little
Just enough
Soon
They will close again
Bang
Clang
Missed it
Ah well
Another 500 years

2 An Accident

My love, would you not come to me if
I was wounded?

Would you not arrive to comfort me if
I had had a serious accident?

Well, I have had a serious accident.
I have been born.

3 Dog or Cat

The biggest pet
I ever kept
Was a girl
With whom I slept
I never found
Another yet
So satisfactory
As a pet
A polar bear
Just isn't there
A dog or cat
Is hardly that
A doggie might
Know how to fight
He don't know how
My girl can bite
A pussy may
Know how to play
She don't know how
My girl can stay
I would not let
My girlie loose
And go and get
Myself a goose
A herd of cows
As well might browse
Among my books
And take the vows
Of marriage to
A kangaroo
As think to make me

Change my view
Nor would I wish
To keep a fish
When I can keep
My little dish
A clever dick
Who took the mick
And came between
Me and my chick
Would soon be sent
To where he went
With all his members
Broke or bent
I don't prefer
Another more
Than the her
With whom I snore
Other women
I hear coming
Might as well be
Bathroom plumbing
And there ain't
Another that
I sleep more zz with
Than my cat
What female partner
Anyhow
Could be more passive
Than my cow
And who are you
To say *that* moo
Is better than
My kangaroo
And let's be fair
Just what is there
To hug me closer
Than my bear

Or make me sick
Or take the mick
Or love me like
My clever dick
I could not wish
For any dish
That's quieter than
My little fish
And for intelligent
Abuse
Come and listen
To my goose
And anyway
My dog can play
And gets more faithful
Every day
So as a pal
Take my advice
An animal
Is very nice
I never found
Another yet
So satisfactory
As a pet
A dog or cat
Or come to that
A better beast
Or bird or bat
Or other creature fit
To keep with
Than the
One
I go to sleep with

4 Yesterday's You

Wot d'yer fancy then, luv?
Bit of termorrer's new, then?
Or a bit of old yesterday's 'ad it?
Wot we got, then?

Old yesterday's you,
Old yesterday's stew,
Old yesterday's old fashioned mixture everyone knew!
Old yesterday's chew,
Old yesterday's view,
Old yesterday's little old modern young yesterday's you!

Wot we got today then, luv?
Well, let's see, we got
Wot we 'ad yesterday
Done up a bit
Wiv a lick an' a freshener
An' we got
Just come in today
To go wiv it
We got

All yesterday's news,
All yesterday's views,
And guess what's for yesterday's crossword—yesterday's clues!
All yesterday's blues
In yesterday's shoes,
Who's dancing through all my tomorrows? Yesterday's yours!

Wot's new then, luv?
Wot we got today, then?
Well, today we got somefing speshul like
Today we got a real breakfroo
Today we got

Old yesterday's you,
Old yesterday's woo,
Old yesterday's old fashioned pussy cat's old fashioned mew!
Oh, what shall we do!
Let's try something new!
How about little old modern young yesterday's you!

5 The Candle

Flame

My love is like a sun for you
To warm you, melt you, let you free,
It lights on every one for you
And what it melts returns to me.

Wax

My love is like a fuel to you,
You burn me up to fire your sun,
I only could be cruel to you
To stop the way my love would run.

Wick

I am the thread that comes between
To bind you and to let you part:
What could be, is, and might have been,
I am the cord that cleft your heart.

6 Once upon a time

Once upon a time to go to bed now, there lived a very good man. His name was Sir George Pig, or St George for short.

Everybody was very sorry for him, being called Pig, so everybody was specially nice to him to make up for it. They all used to say, behind his back, what a dreadful thing to be called Pig, how awful for him, how brave of him to bear it like a man and not change his name to some other animal, such as Fox for example, or Rat. No, perhaps not Rat. Anyway, how brave of him not to, and what a thoroughly good man he must be.

And of course, being called Pig, everybody used to visit him to see what he looked like. But you can't just visit people to see what they look like, so they used to bring him things.

'I've called to bring you this cauliflower,' they used to say, or

'I've just dropped in with this chicken.'

Which was very nice for Sir George, because it meant that he could get on with his work, or enjoy himself as he pleased and not bother with the shopping.

And of course, all the people who called were on their best behaviour, being so sorry for Sir George being called Pig. And they would do little jobs about the house for him, and go away saying

'That man is more than a Sir. He is a Saint.'

And this was how Sir George came to be called St George.

Now it happened that in the Neighbourhood of Pigsty House, in the village of Pigsney, County Snout, where St George lived, there lived a Monster. And this Monster was very fierce and fiery, with smoke coming out of its nose, so that everybody said it must be very evil and bad, to have smoke coming out of its nose. Really it was just like everybody else, only bigger. The smoke coming out of its nose was due to the fact that it smoked.

Now this Monster lived quietly with its Monstress at a place which, as I have already said, was called the Neighbourhood. But for some reason people thought that the Monster and the Monstress ought not to live there, they would rather have somebody else living there, not a Monster and a Monstress who gave the Neighbourhood a bad name. It already had a bad name, of course, being called the Neighbourhood, but they never thought of that. Indeed, the County Council of County Snout had decided to have the Neighbourhood pulled down, so that it could be rebuilt and modernized according to a large Plan drawn up by the County Planner, a very small man called Doctor Worthwhile Whitewash. And, as soon as it was replanned, the bad name of the Neighbourhood would of course be changed to a good name. And the good name Doctor Whitewash had thought of was to call it the Vicinity.

This Plan was very acceptable to the Snout councillors, who all agreed that the sooner the old Neighbourhood was pulled down, and the sooner the modern Vicinity was erected,

7

You are my Wife

When you have finished telling your family
 How we make love
 When you have finished being educated
 By men who know nothing
 When you have finished being fucked
 By men who risk nothing
 When you have finished listening
 To men who say nothing
 When you have finished thinking
 You have to finish an unpalatable meal
 Because you paid for it
 When you have finished supposing
 You need a mark on a bit of paper
 To open a door that is already open
 When you have finished approaching marriage
 So determined to make it fail
 That you have already decided what to do when it does
 When you have finished wanting to prove your greatness
 When it is already accepted
 When you have finished trying to display your brightness
 When it has already lightened my darkness
 When you have finished seeking to show off your beauty
 When it is already noted
 When you have finished adding to your worth
 When it is already enough
 When you have finished looking for something better
 Come back to me
 Come back to me
 Because you are my wife and I cannot let you go.

Without you
The house is silent and I cry
Without you
The house howls although my eyes are dry
Without you
The tree guards no kingdom
Without you
There is no meat
Without you
There is no drink
Without you
There is no sleep
Without you
There is no waking
Without you
There is no play to be played
Without you
There is no work to be done
Without you
I cannot know
Without you
I cannot say
Without you
I cannot feel
Without you
I cannot be
Without you
I cannot live
Without you
I cannot die
Without you
There is no star
Without you
There is no sky
Without you
The sun cannot run
Without you

The world cannot fly
Without you
Thou art no state
Without you
No prince am I
Because you are my wife
Because you are my wife
Because you are my wife and I cannot let you go.

8 A Great Treasure

A great treasure, my love, cannot be guarded without some deceit.

Before I came to you, my love, I did not know how great my treasure was.

I told you the truth, my love, so you left me. You told me lies, so I still love you.

I remember now that you told me to tell you lies. In my pride I thought I knew better. Now see how my pride is humbled.

Pray God if you return to me I shall lie to you always. This much I owe you.

The truth is in my being and yours. We do not need words to confirm it. We need words only to deny it, when necessary, to hide it so that it may not be taken away from us.

A man does not put all his most valuable possessions on the pavement outside his house.

9 Tell me Lies

Tell me lies to make me come
Tell me lies to keep me
Tell me lies to wake me up
Tell me lies to sleep me

Tell me lies to tempt me
Tell me lies to have me
Tell me lies to catch me
Tell me lies to love me

Tell me lies to marry me
Tell me lies to take me
Tell me lies to let me love
Tell me lies to make me

Tell me lies to father me
Tell me lies to grow me
Tell me lies to mother me
Tell me lies to know me

Tell me lies to cherish me
Tell me lies to lay me
Tell me lies to nourish me
Tell me lies to play me

Tell me lies to sew me up
Tell me lies to sleep me
Tell me lies to enter me
Tell me lies to reap me

Tell me lies to comfort me
Tell me lies to ease me
Tell me lies to bear with me
Tell me lies to please me

Tell me lies to make me laugh
Tell me lies to tease me
Tell me lies to buy me up
Tell me lies to lease me

Tell me lies to let me cry
Tell me lies to blind me
Tell me lies to fish me
Tell me lies to land me

Tell me lies to frighten me
Tell me lies to shake me
Tell me lies to lighten me
Tell me lies to wake me

Tell me lies to make me come
Tell me lies to let me
Tell me lies to cover me
Tell me lies to get me

Tell me lies to carry me
Tell me lies to have me
Tell me lies to let me be
Tell me lies to love me

10

The Test

My life is entirely at your disposal
You may kill me for sport if you wish
I accept it in you because I know it with me
You accept me when you accept who you really are
Your idea of yourself is what you think is acceptable
You accept me when you accept more than that
I know your reservations
Because I know mine
Image to image
Mine are dissolving
In yours
I am yours as you please
If you accept it
I enjoy it
I was charged with a great task
I did not know what my reward was to be
It is the greatest
It has been granted to me to be able to accept you
Complete
The task was my test
No other man woman child animal plant or inanimate thing
passed the test
No other being in earth or heaven has been or ever will be
Granted this privilege

11

You like I
One day
Will die
The wind
Will circle
Birds will cry
The world
Continues
And is gone
Where this emblem
Sun once shone

All the trinkets
Of your worth
Tokens of your
Infant birth
Will become
Like mine
Again
Recollections
Of our pain

Only two
Can play
This game
One can
Play it
Just the same
None
Can play it
Otherwise
Minus one's
The one
That dies

I like you
Shall die
One day
Circling
The other way
Where the wind
Will take
This chance
A bird
Of paradise
Will dance

Take me
To your
Ancient place
Take me
Where I
Saw your face
Sun
And moon
Shone
On what
When you
Are gone
The world
Is not

Can
The cold moon
Love
The less
Can
The emblem
Sun
Unbless
All his
Planets
In
Their groove
And
Eclipse
The way
They move

Can
The wedding
Bells
Unring
Can
The winging
Bird
Unwing
Can
The marriage
Of
The earth
Miscarry
Heaven
In
Your birth

You like I
One day
Will die
The wind
Will circle
Birds will cry
Where this emblem
Sun once shone
The world
Continues
And is gone

12 Benediction

And now to god the father god the son and holy ghost
And now to goddess mum and goddess daughter with the most
And now to godhead being and unbeing in the Place
That I am ever seeing and unseeing in your Face
To desarts of eternity without a night or day
Beyond through every being through beyond what men can say
Beyond and ever inward to the way it all began
Beyond and ever outward to the fallen works of man
And on beyond all this to that unpromising recess
That last familiar secret what not nobody can't guess

‘Tut, tut, child!’ said the Duchess. ‘Everything’s
got a moral, if only you can find it.’

Lewis Carroll

Extraduction

Perhaps it was my refusal to share, *with her*, the destructive invasion of my mistress's family, to take it in, Judo-wise, even to jolly it along, to be superficially destroyed by it myself, as she is, and then, somehow, to learn to transcend it, to come through it, as I did the destruction wrought by my own family. Perhaps *this* way, with wisdom and patience, I could have taken her with me. Perhaps even, if I humbly repent before her now, I still will. I know, anyway, that I need a similar service of her, and that, if she comes back to me, she will perform it without having to be asked. She is made that way. Most women are.

I am not. I need to be taught. Only a woman can teach me.

Lawrence was right when he wrote that a woman can say nothing that a man has not taught her to say.

What he omitted was that a man can *know* nothing that a woman has not taught him to know.

She hath left me here alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own.

Sir Walter Raleigh¹¹

Letter after

I know there is nothing wrong with your taking your degree if you feel you must. Remember I always left this one to you, love. All I ever did was to make myself available for you to come to, a sort of second string as it were (though I hope one day to be your first), and if you ever find yourself unwilling or unable to go on with what you are doing now, well, here I still am.

I have experience of both learning and teaching in universities, and I have seen many degrees failed or abandoned for archetypal reasons, amid consequent and quite unnecessary shame and misery.

Don't think that meeting me has made any difference. If you hadn't been seriously considering failing or chucking your degree you wouldn't even have answered my letters. You are not a fool, love, although you may find it convenient to pretend to be one when you play the family game. You know perfectly well that all my letters were love-letters, and that all yours were come-on signals. Your family, your sister in particular, seems to have drilled into you the idea that there is something wrong in this. But, if you consider it, the world would be a really terrible place, even more dreadful than it is now, if it were not open to any person, irrespective of class, age, occupation, nationality, or other accident of birth, to express, as kindly and as beautifully as he can, his love to another person, and for that other person to respond as she finds herself responding, without let or hindrance from any third person.

I cannot change your archetype, my dear. Nobody can. It is there, and it will determine, in its way, your whole life. It is there, and if you allow yourself to be guided by it, you go to heaven, and if you resist it, you go to hell. Not in some future state. In this life. That is the law. I didn't make it.

I cannot change your archetype, I can only reveal it to you, as others try, for their own ends, to conceal it from you. It is true that I seek to reveal it for my own ends too, but that, if you think of it, is your true security. You just cannot be secure with anyone, however much he tries, however dutiful and undoubtedly good he may be, whose own ends do not, in the final analysis, tally with yours. Not your accidental, personal ends. Your archetypal ends.

I cannot change your archetype, but I can give it life. I can cherish, nourish, and husband it so that what you are now will seem poor, wizened, and wretched by comparison with what you will become. And you, too, my love, would perform the same service for me. Not out of duty, not because you felt obliged to, but because it is the way you are made. What greater security can a mere human being have than this?

Please note I am not attempting to tell you what your archetype is, no one can do that. You are always queen of your own domain, you are free to serve your archetype or betray it as you wish, and it is no business of mine, unless asked, to say what I think you are doing. Maybe finishing your degree is serving your archetype, maybe not. Unlike your family, I do not presume to judge, much less to force you, by violent and disruptive pressures, into making decisions when your mind is least composed. I know that they, and consequently you, project these faults onto me. But please ask yourself, love, since when has openness, honesty, and loving-kindness been called pressure? It is true that love allows us all to press to be what we really are, to overthrow the confines and limitations of our breeding and education. You are ambitious, my dear, which means that you wish to be as great as you know you really are. There is, if you think of it, no other being for you. Either your greatness is already real, now, or you will never be it. You cannot fool the world, my love. Nobody can. Either way. If you settle for less than you really are, the world will despise you.

All creative people, my love, all those with an unusually extended range and depth of responsiveness, are troubled with their families. What their families have to offer, in advice, education, etc, is

designed, however well-meaningly, for someone within a comparable range to theirs. A family never accommodates to the fact that one of its members is out of their range. It is the story of the ugly duckling over and over again.

I love my family, but I never follow their advice. Not any more. You only follow the advice of people you wish to be like. And even if you wish to be like your family, my love, you cannot be, any more than I can be like mine, however hard I try. Your family's advice is suitable only to someone who is conditioned as they are. So is mine.

There is a place for you here, if you wish to take it up. Can you accept that an offer of marriage is not trivial? In making it, I offer you all I have to offer. It might not be much. But it is all. In accepting it, you offer an equal return. I make it without reservation, you accept it so. Whether you go on to take your degree is immaterial to me, always has been, you made the issue of it, not me. An offer of marriage, and its acceptance, is an undertaking to another person as they are, it is not subject to conditions and reservations. Put the tribal bargaining to work on it, and it is lost. Look at all the miserable 'marriages' you see around you. Why are they so miserable? Because each partner went into it with reservations. With certain moral, tribal, social, idealistic, or humanitarian principles, if you like. And the reservations, in the end, are all that is left of the marriage. Just a couple of reservations sharing a house, with a number of small preserves to bind their non-union.

I cannot abrogate my function as a man, just because it has through years of neglect become obscured. I have to find it again. I cannot save you if you throw out the baby because the bathwater is dirty.

To save you, I must tell you who you are. To save me, you must show me who you are. To save you, I must tell you who I am. To save me, you must show me who I am. This is the law. The fact that it is being ignored does not make it any less the law. The law of gravity is not weakened by ignoring it and falling over a cliff or under a bus. The fact that the law of co-operation of the male and the female is being ignored, the fact that our fundamentally

different functions are being falsely identified, is why the world is breaking up and falling apart with an ever-increasing momentum towards its very own self-guided self-destruction. It is now all systems go. Towards destruction.

In bringing us to this place, our families had no choice but to perform their difficult and thankless tasks. To be contained until its time of usefulness, a great force must be greatly opposed. The cylinder opposes the force of the steam, without which its power is dissipated uselessly. This is the reconciliation between the Jewish Christ's saying that one cannot come to Him without hating one's father and one's mother, and the Mosaic law that one should also honour them.

Equally, the world now has no choice but to destroy itself, to make way for the new world that will rise from the ashes of the old. We, being the creatures who bridge both worlds, must be able to master both sets of laws and use them appropriately. It is no good living in one world, as I sometimes do, and stubbornly acting as though it is the other. I need your help here to distinguish them. Our task is great enough. We have, if we will, to survive in the old world, to survive in the new world, and to survive the holocaust that stands between the two. Neither of us could achieve it alone, but together we can. As Wells said, men are slower and stupider, women are quicker and sillier. To survive alone I am too stupid, and you are too silly. Exchange these between ourselves, and your silliness becomes the very quickness of the eternal life-spring that infuses the secure foundation and formality of my stupidity that gives it permanence and prevents it from being dissipated into nothingness before it has served its due time. Only you, a woman, give life to my form, only I, a man, give form to your life.

So whenever you wish to take it up, there is a place for you here, in the university of my being and yours. Just so long as the door between us can be kept open. Because, and I found this totally impossible to explain to your father, always always always it is the woman who chooses. However much tradition may have it otherwise, all we men can do is make ourselves available. And once a man has

thus made himself available, once the King has exposed himself to the mating net, he will be taken by the first Queen who considers him a fair catch. And, whoever she is, he will love her. If he has lived a short time, he will love her for a short time. And if he has lived a long time, he will love her for a long time. How could it be otherwise?

Can you see that, in this message, there is no imposition. You, and you only, show me what to say. Before I met you, I did not know it. I say only what you teach me to say. I do only what you teach me to do. I love only what you teach me to love.

When we remember we are all mad,
the mysteries disappear and life
stands explained.

Mark Twain

Postscript

I posted this letter with the poems, and got no answer. I rang her up. She said she would not answer. She thought she was having a breakdown.

I reckoned I could reach her by train the same day, and went. She was out, so I didn't in fact see her till the next day.

Meanwhile her flatmates entertained me, and when she didn't return, let me sleep on the floor. They were all extremely concerned about her and, because of what had happened, a bit awkward with me.

When I finally saw her the next day, she was cold and distant. She did not look happy and I, after a long journey and a night on the floor, felt miserable.

She had gone back to the boy she was with before she met me. Her omitting to tell me this was, I realized, a way of keeping her options open with me.

I also realized now that if she wouldn't close them, I must. I felt myself to be bleeding to death. I had to cut off.

Whether she, in her turn, will cut herself off from me, whether she will survive to marry another man, and whether she will be able, in the end, to justify the course she has taken, I do not know.

There is a game children play when the tide is coming in, surrounding themselves with an 'impenetrable' wall of sand, keeping the water out as long as possible. Of course the water seeps in underneath, and eventually breaks through and floods everybody out. It is a good game. Adults play a similar game, surrounding themselves with an 'impenetrable' wall of argument to keep out

reality. Reality seeps in underneath, of course, and eventually breaks through and floods us all out.

When a man takes a woman he becomes prince of all her states. Or rather, he is prince of all the states in which she allows him to ride and in which he is able and willing to ride. By coming into each state, he puts and keeps it in order, defends it with his body, and in return is allowed to reap his share of the benefits.

Some women reserve some of their states, and do not allow even their husbands to enter. Some men reserve some of their talents, which they offer elsewhere, or keep to themselves, instead of employing them in the service of the woman. To the extent to which there are these reservations, a marriage is incomplete.

My mistress reserved no state from me, and I reserved no talent from her. To this extent our marriage was complete. But amongst the states of which she was princess—amongst the heritage of which, by marriage, she would become queen—were certain strong but unruly states, notably her father, her mother, her elder sister, and their internalizations in her. What I said to her, in effect, might have been this.

‘I see, my dear, that you possess certain unruly states and that you have thrown open the gates of these, also, to me. But when I ride there the population throw eggs in my face and try to knock me off my horse. I like to be popular, it is unpleasant being unpopular, and I am not sure that I wish to be the ruler of states such as these. Besides, if the truth were known, I am a little afraid of the people in these states, I do not know how to defend myself against them, and you know as well as I do, my dear, that a king cannot rule subjects of whom he is afraid.

‘I suggest, my dear, since you allowed these states to get into such a mess, that you rule them yourself, or better still, that we cut them off from our kingdom and allow them to go their own way.’

To which she perhaps replied, 'I have considered your proposal, and although I am naturally interested in a prince who enters parts of my domain that no man entered before, and who has brought to order, husbanded, and reaped the most abundant and satisfying harvest from them, the fruits of which we have shared together, I find that, for sentimental and other reasons, I cannot offer to abandon my unruly states just because you are afraid, or do not know how, to be king there also, and to husband these as you have husbanded those states of mine with more fertile soil and a pleasanter climate.

'Thus, though I appreciate your truly wonderful work elsewhere, I regret that I cannot accept your offer of marriage that does not extend itself to these states, in some ways more in need of your help than the other states, which you already found in fairly good order, although uncultivated.

'Since you are, in other respects, all that I always wanted, it is with great sorrow that I must now take my leave of you and return to my former suitor. He may not be so clever as you, but at least he knows his way around these states and is not afraid of the people there. He might do something to help, which is more than you offered to do. You offered to do nothing.

'Perhaps later I shall consider these states to be less important than I consider them now, and perhaps, also, you will learn not to be so afraid of the people there, so that you can enter and ride there without being knocked off your horse. Maybe if you would get off your horse and go to meet the people they would not feel the need to knock you off. At such a time, perhaps, I may be free to reconsider your offer to be my husband.'

If this was our archetypal conversation, then whatever we had said to one another at the time would not have touched the issue, it would have been like clanging dustbin lids outside the house. If I could not bring such a state of affairs to consciousness, how could she be expected to?

The Chinese gamut consists of the notes

<i>d</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>s</i>		<i>d'</i>
1	$\frac{9}{8}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{3}{2}$	$\frac{16}{9}$	2

and presents serious difficulties to Christian missionaries, it being impossible to adapt the ordinary Western hymn tunes to the musical system of the country.

H Gossin

Other Books

In a way, paradise is who we are irrespective of what the nexus takes us to be. Practically the whole of our breeding and education is devoted to fitting us in, and binding us to, the nexus.

Where the tragedy overreaches itself, is comedy. Where the comedy forgets itself, is tragedy.

We leave the education of the young to serious high-minded persons. This fits them only for tragedy. High-minded seriousness is confused with responsibility. In fact it is irresponsible, failing as it does to respond to the other side of human nature.

We do not have to take the nexus of our culture so exclusively from high-minded ancient Greeks and humourless ancient Jews. Both, in their ways, produced highly homosexual and thus strongly warlike cultures. There are, both before and since, wiser, more mature, less aggressive, less painful windows through which to look at the world and relate with it.

Beware of the expert, the specialist who knows all about very little and very little about it all. Remember he is a mercenary, somebody pays him to dress up an opinion and show it off in the most flattering light. Put him in another stable, find him another paymaster, he might well have to say the exact opposite, he has a wife and kids to support. Why do you think estimates of Government expenditure, etc, are always so hopelessly wrong? Because they are prepared by experts. You and I, dear Reader, can always *guess* nearer the truth than the expert will ever *calculate* it.

If a man cannot get there by virtue of being a man, where can he get by qualifying himself so as to become something less than a man? People are made to forget the meaning of 'qualify'—if

you qualify something you make it *less* than it was originally, not more. A man qualified in any way is less than whole. Only by abrogating his qualification and cultivating his self, by returning from the outpost of his ego to the kingdom of his archetype, and by ruling the pretence of his 'I' from the reality of his 'me', can a man return to wholeness.

Speaking for my sex alone, I can say that every man is poet, lover, actor, sculptor, builder, explorer, fighter, navigator, map-maker, mathematician, orator, juggler, thief, liar, beggar, storyteller, painter, soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, farmer, hunter, traveller, priest, doctor, saint, angel, devil, and god. For a start. And all this he is, or can be, *by virtue of* being a man, not *at the expense of* being a man. And, if it were not for so many expert sneerers, all these things, in their proper places and at their proper times, is what he would be. To the best of his ability. Also singer, composer, player, dancer, teacher, learner, St George, the Dragon, sinner, penitent, tradesman, prostitute, athlete, brother, son, good boy, bad boy, slave, master, oracle, visionary, healer, magician, king, prince, nobleman, servant, fool, philosopher, refugee, minister, critic, celibate, profligate, and when, but not before, he has finished *separating himself out* into all this, and rolled it all back into himself, he can make a present of it all (yes, I said all, there is no holding back) to some nice young girl and become her devoted husband.¹² And she, on her side, can equally give all she has, whatever it may be, to become his devoted wife,¹² and at that moment they complete the cycle. They find they still have what they gave away, and infinitely more. They are neutralized and liberated. *They are it.*

What the hell¹³ is this so-called identity anyway? Just what is it that is supposed to keep us all imprisoned in what we happened to look like yesterday? So, yesterday I wore a blue suit. So today I am *expected* to wear a blue suit. So tomorrow they can call me Mr Bluesuit. The well-known personality. Have we all gone utterly crazy? We seem to have this childish obsession with personality, with the merely superficial, with what is material only for communication with other material. We are conned like

sheep, driven into the idiotic. We thought it clever to live in our personalities. As well might a nation obliterate itself and maintain only its foreign embassies.

Sneer go the sneerers, the qualified people, the people who have *decided* 'what' they 'are' (*de* = down, off, *caedere* = cut: *decide* = cut down, cut off). Sneer sneer they go, having cut themselves down to such hobbledehoy half-creatures, must they sneer, sneer, sneer, cut, cut, cut everyone else down to their size, anything to make what they did to themselves appear less awful, to avoid seeing, for the price they had to pay, what a lot of grot they got.

The communications media all connive in it. What is your opinion, Dr Pigstein, as an economist? Instead of what is your response as a man. Oh, no, that's not good enough. Man is invalidated, nobody listens to men any more, we are expected to listen to economists, ontologists, sociologists, and other such idiots. The final indignity has arrived, and the part is given precedence over the whole.

This is, of course, the ultimate, irredeemable sin. Havelock Ellis once defined corruption as the breaking up of the whole for the benefit of its parts. Put the parts first, ignore the whole, and you've had it. The world flies to pieces, just as the body falls apart when you give it over to the microbes. And the microbes don't survive either, you get no gratitude from them. That's it, mate. Put the world in the hands of the experts, and you've had it, you might as well start looking for another world right away. You'll get no more joy from this one.¹⁴

What is so wrong with the expert is that he is such an accomplished *processer*. We have all become so terrified of reality. We want it canned, dehydrated, defused, made safe, shredded, made up into convenient labour-saving dispensable packets. Reality in the raw is something we imagine happening only to other people, where we can watch it on the telly from a safe distance. At all costs don't let's let it happen to us!

An aunt of mine, when she was dying, said 'Why should this happen to *me*?' My dear Aunt, it happens to happen to us all. You have not been personally singled out for some unique and specially unpleasant experience called dying, and if that is the way it appears to you, those who made it appear that way were grievously at fault. I don't care how heartless it sounds, I am prepared to maintain against all comers that it is vilely wrong, fiendishly evil, and fraudulently inhumane to play these pretending games about death, to make out that it is a sort of *faux pas* that only happens to other people, something that no one in his right mind would consider. It is, in my view, a most presumptuous conceit on anybody's part to attempt to invalidate and trivialize and *hush up* one of the realest and most important and meaningful and necessary experiences any of us is ever going to have, and to make it seem somehow shameful and belittling. A dying person has enough to suffer without having his experience invalidated and sterilized. He has reached the end of this life, he is as wise as he ever can be, he has nothing more to learn, he is taking his departure. The occasion is momentous, whether we think he is going to heaven, hell, purgatory, limbo, nirvana, the first bardo, to another world, or just plain nowhere. Could we not just put our opinions in the background for once, they are no use to him now, and *pay our respects to his experience*, whatever it may be, and so perhaps help him to come to terms with it and to validate it for himself? And hope to God, or whatever it is we hope to, that someone might be kind enough to do the same for us when our turn comes.

What has happened to us? We seem to have become so scared, so terrified of anything real, and so much at a loss that we seek to take our reality from outside, to steal it from others, to come to it vicariously so that we shall not be responsible to it. We prefer to sit masturbating in the stalls while a sex-act is performed on the stage. An invalid sex-act at that, because it did not happen *of its own accord*, it was not done for its own sake, it was done with a view to being watched and criticized, to provide a talking-point. We have constructed a culture of voyeurs, we have become a civilization of investigators.

Mrs Brown of Balham, an ordinary not very musical housewife with no expert training in the art of composition, started to write marvellous music, quite comparable in form and content to that of Liszt, Chopin, Brahms, and other composers who, she says, provide her with inspiration and guide her through technical difficulties that would otherwise be beyond her. So what do we do? Instead of publishing and recording as much as we can for our instruction and delight, we send round experts to investigate, without the least success, how she does it. And a famous pianist, on the telly, instead of playing it to us, looks embarrassed and says he hopes there is some rational explanation. Does he want a rational explanation for Bach, Mozart, Beethoven? Does he only play, at his concerts, music for which there is a rational explanation? Music with the stamp of logic and the blessing of the computer? If so I don't think many people will listen to it.

No poet, of course, needs to *investigate* Mrs Brown's ability. He already knows exactly the secret she has discovered in herself. It is not a secret that opens itself to investigators.

Thanks to expertise, we have already managed to investigate nearly everything out of existence. Animals have become extinct, it's OK, we have films and tape-recordings. Whole peoples, with different, self-contained modes of life, have been invaded, exploited, corrupted, and destroyed, it's OK, we made anthropological studies of them. The earth is polluted and made barren, it's OK, the Encyclopaedia Britannica will tell us what it used to look like.

We have invented a dangerous and predatory way of life, that cannot be self-contained because it consumes faster than it replenishes, multiplies itself faster than it dies, an ethnologically lunatic way of existence that even infects, with missionary zeal, its own disease upon hitherto stable and self-contained communities. Plain arithmetic, and indeed everything else in the holocosm, shrieks out that it is so, yet mankind, once infected with this disease, becomes deaf to any voice, however loud, blind to any light, however bright, frenzied and delirious, madder

than the maddest Gadarene swine. Very shortly, when he has devoured or infected or polluted all that is otherwise in the world, he will have only himself left to prey upon. An agonized, dying, self-eating cancer.

Our very social and economic policies read like a textbook written for cancers on how to make a tumour. Get dangerously busy rather than remain harmlessly idle. Increase your rate of productivity above your rate of decay. Make your exports bigger than your imports, and at the same time do everything you can to boost your consumption of raw materials. Increase your population. Standardize your units. And above all, send working-parties and missions to all the poor fools in regions where they have not yet learned to do these things, and regale them with the advantages of an ambient philosophy that encourages expansion, mechanization, productivity, and growth over whatever 'backward' and 'primitive' gospels they might have enjoyed before you arrived on the scene.

You just can't have a world where every country exports more than it imports. Why? Because the arithmetic doesn't add up. This and dozens more insane shibboleths are all the product of the expert mentality, paid to exploit a sectional interest and never mind the whole.

O expert man, you have much to answer for. And yet how can we fairly blame you? You are as much the product as the cause. We have devised a system in which anybody who is not an expert is left out in the cold, considered useless, left to starve, things proceed from bad to worse at an accelerating rate, and suddenly all the kettles and pots begin to scream at one another how black they are. And all the experts get together and come out with the answer: more experts!

It is not so much the people who are skilled at making or moving things, who master a trade or do a job, and mind their own business, that take us so far from reality. It is the people who do nothing but *talk*.

There is so much talk going on, so many words flung around, that nobody can see a thing. We send a child to school, and then university, and then a postgraduate course. Twenty years of talk talk talk talk talk talk talk talk talk talk talk talk talk talk talk. With the result that, at the end of it all, the child knows nothing whatever, and can do nothing at all. Except talk.

You leave the university. You go to a dinner party. There is a lull in the conversation. Quick, somebody, say something, anything, before some terrifying reality begins to intrude. Quick, blot it out, distract us from it, get the talk going again.

Talk becomes the rule. Talking is polite. Not talking is rude. Talking is the game. Anyone for talking? Sorry, Sir, Madam, the rules do not permit other games to be played in this club.

Dimmed by years of talking, your reality ceases to be what you see, hear, feel, taste, and smell, it becomes what you are told, what you read in the newspapers, what the commentators say.

You don't believe me? One day my car caught fire on the motorway. I stopped it on the hard shoulder, rescued as much of my luggage as I dare, climbed up the grass embankment, sat down, and watched it blazing away. The police arrived. The fire-engines came. Other motorists stopped their cars, got out, climbed up the embankment to where I was sitting. The first thing they said was, 'Is it on fire?'

Careful, like, you see. OK, so it looks on fire, but we'd better make sure, we'd better get someone to tell us, we'd better get it on some authority what it is. We'd better ask the owner. It's his car. He should know if it's on fire or not. If he says yes, that'll be all right, we can go home and say we saw a car on fire.

Leave the car. You feel ill. You don't know what you've got. You go to the doctor. He says you've got fantibular incubolitis. That's better. At least you know what you've got.

Leave the doctor. Go home. Look at your cat. It despises you. Why? Because it hasn't been blinded by science, it hasn't got fantibular incubolitis, but it can see you have, very badly, and it feels obviously superior about it. It can see straight into you, straight past all your talk, it knows who you are, how you are, and what you are thinking. Not what you are thinking in your talk-factory, not how you are adding up the milk-bill, but how you are motivated, where your peculiarities and complexes are, what you are thinking of doing next, what your feelings towards it happen to be now, how it can get round you to get what it wants. It has to know these things, it is not gifted (or handicapped) with your intellect, it has to get you to feed it, look after it, and give it shelter by studying your responses and relating with you in a real and primitive way, without all that talk-twaddle that occupies so much of your time and energy. It feels superior because it knows it *is* superior, it knows it knows so much better than you do what is really going on between you and it. But if you come out of your talk-twaddle for a change, if you go into your own primitive reality, you can see directly what the cat is thinking. You now know what it knows. And it immediately knows you know what it knows, and that you know that it knows what you know. You stop trying to communicate with it, and start to commune with it, and it stops despising you.

Babies are the same. A mother sometimes sees her baby just watching her coldly and dispassionately, sizing her up. Some mothers can't stand it.

I picked up a girl's baby, two or three months old, sat it on my knee and told it a story. It listened with rapt attention. Without changing the tone of my voice, I started talking nonsense. The baby stopped paying attention, looked round the room, fidgeted and started to cry. I stopped talking nonsense and started talking sense again, and the baby stopped fidgeting and started to pay attention again.

I do the same for my cat. It listens with the most respectful attention when I tell it something, or explain to it what I am

doing. It doesn't understand the *language*, of course. That is foreign to it, as it is to the baby. But, provided you are not just talking, provided you *mean* what you say at a deep enough level, the cat (or the baby) will pick up your meaning at that level, and this is why it will direct its attention to you. It is *repaying* you the compliment you pay it when you direct your attention to its own level of being.¹⁵

People who have momentarily been there all say how *delighted* their animals are to greet them in this condition. The animals simply grin at you. So, my dear human being, they say, at last you have come to meet us! At last you have taken off your blinkers, you have come out of your complicated language, and you are now privileged to see what we see and know what we know. You have come to your senses, and we are pleased to accept you.

Naturally, when we go back into our complicated linguistic egos, the animal is nonplussed. It cannot follow us there, nor can it get through to us any more. It knows that we are now utterly blind to its own reality, that we have replaced our vision of it with a sort of projected cardboard image of an animal, not a real animal any more, which doesn't fit into language, but a sort of *explanation* of an animal, which does. It feels meaningless and shrivelled up. And it can't help itself, it actually begins to *be* like how we project it.

Man's linguistic ego is both destructive and self-confirming. Animals start behaving according to biological theory, people start behaving like sociological doctrine. But externally. Internally, somewhere, they still have their reality. But it gets harder and harder to find. It is all covered up under thicker and thicker layers of language, theory, doctrine, clothes, fashions, ideals, politics, religion, respectability, decency, and humanity.

Yes, I did say humanity. In particular, one's merely *human* nature is ignorant, proud, superficial, conceited, and didactic. These are specifically human characteristics, they don't belong

to animals or gods. They are, in fact, precisely what distinguishes a human being from an animal or a god.

Surprise? Not if you consider it. We get confused, obviously enough, if we fail to make the distinction between a man and a human. Man alone *contains* the Godhead, which belongs in all things that are whole. But the *human part* of man is precisely his non-divine nature, it is exactly, because definitively, the part of him that is *without* the Godhead. Who would think of replacing 'To err is human' with 'To err is manly'?

A pretence that human nature is of itself the greatest value, that it alone is our proper standard, leads inescapably to trouble and strife in the beginning, and to disorder and disaster in the end. Only by what is divine in man can we safely bring order to what is human. If we rule by humanity alone, we replace what is just by what is expedient, awareness and order give place to fear and tyranny, authority is degraded and people fall prey to tricksters and racketeers.

/ A man's humanity is largely concerned with his *social* life, and his social life is *necessarily* undertaken in respect of precisely what is most superficial to his being. And to me, at least, it is axiomatic that you cannot safely import what is superficial to order what is fundamental. If you do, then the whole thing explodes. That is why I am neither a socialist nor a humanist. I am not any kind of ist. I refuse to be driven into corners. I speak as a man.

Don't go thinking that I'm offering some sort of religion. Divinity was never a monopoly of the church, although all churches have, in their time, established and maintained fundamental divinities. And obscured them, in the end, with the inevitable incrustation of doctrine. What is divine, as the word tells us, is simply what is underneath: what is, therefore, not apparent on the surface, but has to be divined.

You know what a water diviner is. There is nothing fishy about the word 'divine', other than that it is to do with fishing. Diving

in, going underneath to find what is fundamental, to review the foundations on which it all rests. The humanist, the man who tries to govern on merely social principles, is like a man who builds a house without first looking to the foundations, and then is surprised and hurt when it falls down.

The word 'divine' is rooted in Diana, the original goddess mother. If you wish to explore her divinity, dear Reader, it is a mistake to think you can get there instantly. We expect so many instant miracles these days, instant potatoes, instant sex, instant explanations, instant government. Just add water, words, or what have you, and the whole thing puffs up most lifelike.

Not so. Can't be done. After all, if you wished to do something superficial, like climbing Everest, would you expect to be up there in a jiffy? Well, then. Be serious. Remember you have been brainwashed into thinking the holocosm is unreal. Suppose someone had conned you into thinking Everest was unreal. I wouldn't give much for your chances of reaching the summit.

It is a commonly accepted theory, but one which I don't see how anyone but a thoroughly educated person could possibly believe, that animals are without minds and not conscious. I sat down in Richmond Park and a squirrel trotted up to within a few yards of where I sat. It looked at me. I looked at it. It leapt in the air and did a backward somersault. It looked at me carefully to see if it was appreciated. I grinned. It did it again. Not conscious?

This animal meeting is of course one of the joys that lovers rediscover, the revelation of endlessly spinning out the hours and the days and the months without talking, the new, fresh, pristine, enchanted world that grows so miraculously in its own space and time, free at last from the bonds and fetters of all those words.

The job of us poor poets, dear Reader, is so much harder than it looks. Words were made to bind you. We have to use them to do exactly the opposite. You are a bird trapped in a net. We are sent to set you free. And what do we have to do it with? Another net. No wonder we nearly go off our rockers.

It's not so bad for the psychotherapist. You pay him to keep quiet while you talk. Mind you, he's got to listen, so it may not be so good for him. On and on you go, years and years, explaining it all to him while he sits there and never says a word. This is just too good to be true. I can say what I like. Anything I please. And at last (or at least we hope so, for this was the object of the exercise) you see what a lot of twaddle it all was, and that you had better stop talking and sit quiet for a change.

We poets can't do this. If I left all these pages blank, which is what I really should do, then you, dear Reader, would be unlikely to buy the book. I have to buy food and shelter, same as you, and I know that you are much more inclined to pay good money for a lot of twaddle than for a lot of blank pages. So you see, dear Reader, I am doing what I can to give you value for your money. Thank you.

You may look at the world any way you please, through any window you choose. Nor does it always have to be the same window. Naturally how the world appears, what you see and what you miss, and the angle on what you see, depends on which window you are using, but how can a window be right or wrong? A window is a window. I elaborate on what can be seen through various windows, not to say that you *should* look through them, more to point out that there *are* other windows that sane, sensible, responsible, able, amiable, and otherwise normal people can and do look through, and it is perfectly OK to try another window if what you see through yours seems meaningless or inadequate. Naturally if you enjoy the view, there is no need to change it. Alternatively, if you come to another window, it may take time to adjust to what you see. If you are used to a box camera, your first efforts with a 35mm may be disappointing.

The number of different windows is endless. The unbridled conceit¹⁶ of the western nexus is to say that only certain windows are 'sound', and that the others are wrong, misleading,

hallucinatory, etc. So be warned. If you look through a window that is disallowed for any of these reasons, be very careful whom you tell, and how you tell it. If in doubt, keep quiet. Above all, don't blurt it out to people who haven't been there and wouldn't go there, however much you might like them to accompany you. It will only upset them, and they will feel that they have to attack you, to invalidate you in some way. Of course looking out of a window cannot really damage you, after all what you see was there all the time, but if you tell other members of your nexus, they may feel that they have to say that it is damaging, they may indeed feel that it is damaging *to them*, that their carefully preserved 'identity' will be spoiled by what you see, unless they and not you choose the window through which it is to appear. Naturally they will return tit for tat, projecting the damage they feel is being done to them, or rather to their public image of themselves, back onto you. Furthermore, if you fail to look damaged after this, they may feel justified in damaging you personally, of course under the guise of 'helping' you, so as to keep up the pretence.

At this point they play their trump card. Having damaged you (under the guise of 'helping you', 'setting you straight', etc, 'for your own good', etc), they must (to preserve, this time, their private image of themselves) somehow shift the cause of the damage from themselves to that 'wrong', 'dangerous', etc window you were misguided enough to look out of and let on about, and so they now have to say something like 'There, what did we tell you, you went to that evil window and look what it did to you!'

Such is the power of hypnosis welded to violence that an otherwise quite sane person will actually come to believe that it was what he saw through the window that did the damage, whereas of course it was only the people who caught him at it. It was they who damaged him for 'selfishness', 'ingratitude', 'antisocial behaviour', 'deviation', 'defection', 'schizophrenia', or any of the other meaningless formulae by which some people justify wounding, incarcerating, and killing other people.

Don't complain. It is the way of the world. It is at least a partially forbidden window through which one sees that it is the way of the world. The world doesn't tell you that if you make discoveries you will be punished. It says you will be rewarded, and then punishes you. Artists, engineers, inventors, all of us some time or other get this shock, and serve us right for being so naive.

No being in earth or heaven, who is seen at a disadvantage, will welcome your making the fact public. This is why, if you look through forbidden windows, you must learn, when the occasion demands it, to keep quiet, to tell not another soul, not even your best friend or your beloved wife or husband. To talk pointlessly, to be incontinent with the truth, is tactless and destructive. Measure your words in respect of their consequences: remember that to describe how things are comes quite low in the list of priorities that words serve. As Mark Twain said, truth is valuable, let us economize it.

One of the great joys of being with my mistress, of being made whole by her, was that I was for the first time absolved from the curse of being an artist. I knew this. So did she. The irony of it was that she left me partly because of an ambition to be an artist herself, not fully realizing that this is a condition one should avoid if one can. An artist is homeless and wanders from window to window. When he finds a window where the view is so marvellous that he doesn't wish to change it, he is home, he disappears as an artist. Thank God.

By returning from our long separation as sexes, what we do is put an end to the art that bleeds through a muse. A muse is the *absence* of a complementary being, and of course the *outline* of the muse is *identically* that of the complementary partner. But since the partner is in fact absent, the art is to this extent negative. I suspect that the return of the sexes to wholeness, although putting an end to our traditional muse-type art, may give rise to a more positive kind of art of which we have as yet little conception.

The typical western artist bleeds music rather than radiates contentment. He is a christ rather than a buddha. And the uncreative many, who feed parasitically upon the blood of the creative few, conspire to keep the wound open so that the bleeding may not stop.

If you like the view through any of these 'wrong' windows in this book, you might like to try other 'wrong' windows. There are many hundreds of books, good, bad, and indifferent, all of which, in the eyes of some in-group or other, are considered wrong. Here's a score for a start.

Easy

1. A H CHAPMAN, *Put-offs and come-ons*, PUTNAM

A classification by a psychiatrist of some of the unpleasant things people do to one another while pretending they are reasonable.

2. ALAN WATTS, *This is it*, PANTHEON

A group of essays on holocosmic experience. The aspects he touches are sometimes quite advanced, but he writes so lucidly that I put the book in the easy bracket. He is one of the few writers who can write about very non-western states of mind with a very western style and focus of interest.

3. KAHLIL GIBRAN, *The prophet*, KNOPF

Perhaps the best-known of his many similar works. He tends to write from one level only, which makes it easy for the reader to stay in the groove. Very, but tactfully, non-western in outlook and approach.

Harder

4. SHELLEY, *A defence of poetry*

Even if you cannot bring yourself to like any of Shelley's poems, as I confess I cannot, this marvellous essay is beyond price in the

understanding of what poetry is. You *must* read the original, every secondhand account kills it dead.

5. PAUL FOSTER CASE, *The tarot*, MACOY

The tarot is a book of life disguised as a pack of cards. Paul Case's is the best simply-written account I know of the symbolism they embody.

6. WU CH'ÊNG-ÊN, *Monkey*, GROVE

A translation by Arthur Waley of the 16th century Chinese novel. The story may be compared (to its advantage) with those of Tolkien, to which it bears a superficial resemblance. But whereas Tolkien is remembering what happened on earth during (I think) *one* prehistoric existence, Wu Ch'êng-ên is remembering a series of perhaps 1000 existences, including heavenly and other interludes between, and presenting them, like a cinematograph, so that they appear as one hilarious biography. The jokes come in all sizes. Some of them are enormous.

7. C G JUNG, *Answer to Job*, WORLD

The great Dr Jung at last gives his talents their due scope and undertakes to psychoanalyse God. The result is very penetrating and extremely funny.

8. R D LAING, *The politics of experience*, PENGUIN

Dr Laing, also a psychiatrist of great distinction, adduces powerful reasons for considering the view that going 'mad' is in fact a perfectly normal reaction to being put in an impossible position by a nexus of people who are supposed to be 'sane'. The book is a series of essays written around this theme, and the writing contains more than meets the eye at a first reading.

9. D H LAWRENCE, *Fantasia of the unconscious*, VIKING

The book contains two essays, first published in 1923, and by common consent among the best Lawrence wrote. The theme is yet another aspect of what I have been plugging away, that one's deep unconscious is not, as Freud made out, a mere cesspool of unacceptable memories and repressed desires, but rather (as

Jung later began to discover) the very life-spring of one's corporate being and reality.

10. JOHN JOCELYN, *Meditations on the signs of the zodiac*,
THE NAYLOR COMPANY, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

This is not a book about astrology, but about the deeper meanings of the twelve signs. I was at first put off by the style, but its discursiveness can make it easier to read. It contains an unusual degree of divinity together with some humanity. It mentions the total love-experience.

Hard

11. BEETHOVEN, *Piano Sonatas 28, 30, 31*

'No evil fate can touch my music. He who divines its secret is freed from the unhappiness that haunts the whole world of men.'

Beethoven read the poets. It is time poets paid the composer a similar compliment. I willingly confess to having learned more of the poet's art from this single poet who wrote in another medium, than from any one writer in my own.

In music the poet's meaning is stripped and stark: the composer *must* get it right: if he fails to do so, there is no secondary meaning that can come to his aid.

I choose three compositions for the piano because they are perhaps easier to read than quartets or symphonies, although if you read music as badly as I do I would recommend that you listen to recordings of a professional pianist playing them first.

It is not so generally known that the last five piano sonatas are of the same transcendental order as the last five string quartets, and can blow the fuses of your mind equally effectively. The three I have chosen are perhaps the least characteristic, not like the well-known public tragic ego-y Beethoven everybody expects to hear. Apart from the haunting theme for the variations in number 30, which is perhaps the simplest and most moving expression of this artist's deepest unfulfilment, the music is hardly recognizable as from Beethoven's pen.

As a boy Beethoven detested the study of fugue, and seldom

used it in his compositions until towards the end of his life. Apart from a few early exercises, his first great essay in this formality was the last movement of the third Rasoumowsky quartet, surely one of the most astonishing fugues ever published. But in the end he seemed to find that the fugue was often the only formality capable of carrying the intimacy of the relationships or of sustaining the colossal climaxes of which he was now capable, and his last works are in fact studded with fugues.

In these three sonatas the final movements all use fugues to introduce or to sustain climaxes which, if you stay with them all the way, are almost unbearable. The composer, who was by this time deaf, never heard them played.

12. *The Gospel according to Thomas*

The secret sayings of Jesus of Nazareth, many of them so much deeper and stronger than what we find in the canonical gospels as to make it a different order of book. For example, it says much more clearly (gives an exact recipe, in fact) what you actually have to do to enter eternity. I think the best English translation is the one published by Collins.

13. *The Tao Te Ching*

This deep, quiet book has perhaps suffered even more translations than the Bible. I possess some half-dozen or so of the forty-odd translations into English alone. They differ widely because the Chinese language is so powerful that any 'translation' into a western language provides only one of the many possible interpretations of the original. Chinese is a pictorial language, very poetical and mathematical, with no grammar and no parts of speech. If your mind is not trapped in the ways of the literal languages, it is the easiest of languages to learn. It is also highly economical, to write anything in Chinese requires fewer strokes than it does in a western language.

A well-known scientist of my acquaintance once showed me an ingeniously efficient language he had invented for computers, etc. On examining it I was able to say that he had invented a form of Chinese, and that since the invention had proved its

worth over the past seventy-odd centuries or so elsewhere, he might well be able to sell it as a new gimmick over here.

To get back to the book. It divides into two parts, the Tao Ching, or Book of the Way, and the Te Ching, or Book of Virtue. Like most eastern texts it is atheistical, or rather pretheistical, rooting itself in the metaphysical Zero, or Female Principle, rather than the physical One, or Male Principle. This does not of course prevent such texts from telling how Male Principles, or Gods, are constructed. The Tibetans, for example, worked out before we did that the First God must be a Trinity.¹ But this book spares us these exercises. Briefly the Tao Ching, comprising the first 37 stanzas, says something of how it all is, what it's all about, and how we can know it must be so, and the Te Ching, in the other 44, gives examples of the application of this knowledge in everyday life. The text is of great beauty and simplicity.

One of the better versions in English is contained, together with other material of great interest, in *A Source-Book of Chinese Philosophy*, compiled and translated by Wing-Tsit Chan and published by Oxford University Press. Another that runs it close is that of Arthur Waley, under the title *The Way and its Power*, published by Allen and Unwin. And for anyone who wishes to check with the original Chinese, as one eventually must if one is not content to miss nine tenths of the sense, there is a version by Dr John C H Wu, published in New York by St John's University Press, with English and Chinese texts side by side.

As the Chinese measure time, the book is comparatively recent. It is thought to be about twenty-three centuries old.

14. DANTE, *La divina commedia*

I am not keen on epic poems, and I cannot pretend to like this one, although I have no doubt of its greatness and authenticity. I possess copies of the original Italian and several translations, I use mostly the one in English verse by thriller writer Dorothy Sayers (it is in Penguins).

The poet recounts, with mountainous detail, his being in hell, followed by his passage through purgatory and his attaining of a paradisaical state through his total love for Beatrice.

I have long felt that epic poems are not really poems, but

stories written in verse. The verse may be of the highest order, the story may be great and poetical literature, and the author may be a poet of true calibre, but this still doesn't seem to me to make it a poem. I also think it is perhaps not a true function of poetry to describe heavenly states, any more than it is to describe earthly states. It is not, I think, a correct interpretation of the poet's muse to operate at a purely descriptive level, like science, or even to explain the world like philosophy, although the poet, by tradition and for the adequate performance of his task, must possess a *working* knowledge—theory alone is not enough—of the major disciplines of his age, and a fair smattering of minor ones besides. In fact all the great poets have been natural philosophers of the highest order, and when Coleridge made his famous optical blunder, the error went howling through the corridors of time, where it still simpers, greatly detracting from his credibility as a poet.

In this respect Dante was a poet. He knew the world intimately, he understood his disciplines, he suffered his purification, and he wrote of it immortally. I don't feel happy about calling what he wrote a poem, although I am equally not sure what else to call it.

A poem, as I see it, reminds us of what we once knew, but in a rather unusual way. What it says does not end at its face-value. It illumines one level of existence in the exact observation of another. It says something beyond its literal sense, its meanings flash from level to level. In Dante's composition the meaning, though sublime, seems to me to stay so often with the literal description, as if it were a textbook of inspired psychology.

I realize that through this view, much literature of great value must be excluded from the realm of poetry, even though it is usually accorded this rank. Some of the compositions of St John of the Cross, for example, in which he describes very genuine beatific states, though of course to exclude them by this test does not make them inferior.

Whatever view we take (and I admit my view is impossible to stick to, it is too inconvenient. There ought to be another word), the Divine Comedy contains, for those who will look for them, truths of the highest order, as well as at less exalted levels. It

reminds me, in some respects, of the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch. As for the poet's final vision of God Himself, there is no doubt, to my mind, that Dante was privileged to be called to stand witness to the First Presence, and that his description in the final canto is a true account, in so far as any such account can be true, of his divine experience in respect of It.¹

It is worth considering, I think, how this huge account of the whole creation, tragic, painful, blissful as it may be, is nevertheless designated, above all, as a comedy, and we may note how often the whole formality of being and existence appears this way to those who seek to interpret it. Among Beethoven's last words, when he had received the extreme sacrament, were 'comoedia finita est'—the comedy is over.

15. ROBERT GRAVES, *The white goddess*, F. S. & G.

Another huge book, and a mountain of learning. The author writes of the total love-experience thus.

'True poetic practice implies a mind so miraculously attuned and illuminated that it can form words, by a chain of more-than-coincidences, into a living entity—a poem that goes about on its own (for centuries after the author's death, perhaps) affecting readers with its stored magic. Since the source of poetry's creative power is not scientific intelligence, but inspiration—however this may be explained by scientists—one may surely attribute inspiration to the Lunar Muse, the oldest and most convenient European term for this source? By ancient tradition, the White Goddess becomes one with her human representative—a priestess, a prophetess, a queen-mother. No Muse-poet grows conscious of the Muse except by experience of a woman in whom the Goddess is to some degree resident; just as no Apollonian poet can perform his proper function unless he lives under a monarchy or quasi-monarchy. A Muse-poet falls in love, absolutely, and his true love is for him the embodiment of the Muse.'

He goes on to say that she usually leaves the poet because she is *embarrassed* by the spell she casts over him. I find myself in

complete agreement with this, but I am saying that her embarrassment is not itself inevitable, other than in the context of our peculiarly narrow-minded culture. The spell the poet casts over his Goddess-mistress is equally magic, and this she finds deeply disturbing until she ceases to identify herself with the cultural nexus, which strictly forbids the indulgence in a magic experience.

Since a culture, by definition, affects more deeply those who have suffered more than the usual dose of its educational processes, the pressures it mounts against people who are articulate enough to write and read poetry are in many ways more effective than they are against those who, by these standards, are comparatively mute. There must, I think, be many inarticulate 'poets' and hidden 'muses' who, when they find each other, marry and remain spell-bound for life. Nobody knows much about them, because they are wise enough not (or perhaps lucky enough not to be able) to tell their secret.

16. DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGIT, *The divine names*, translated by C E Rolt, MACMILLAN

A more or less descriptive account of the archetypes in western religion. I recommend this particular edition for the translator's spectacular introduction, without which I find the text almost unreadable.

Much of what is in this book is confirmed, with a very different method, in the next book. The reader's attention may be drawn, for example, to the parallel accounts of the emergence of time, i.e. the statements of what we have to do to construct an element that doesn't exist in any of the five orders of eternity.¹ We attempt to recount, in other words, what are the essential magic spells for creating a temporal existence, just as books such as *The Gospel of Thomas* aim to give the essential magic whereby these spells may be reversed.

A historical fact of some interest in this connexion, which we cannot afford here to touch more than briefly, is that the founder of any religion is the man who tells how to undo the spells: but the church that establishes the religion, being so to speak its material embodiment, must, to maintain its worldly existence,

present the founder's knowledge essentially in reverse, so that within its *corpus* the original knowledge becomes *secret*.

A relatively superficial and uncomplicated illustration of this is furnished through the teachings of the German philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein, who may for the purpose of this example be considered as a minor christ. He taught that all philosophy, including his own, is nonsense, and that any order of existence other than the physical, although not unreal, is unspeakable.

For the purpose of this example we may take the philosophical school of linguistic analysis, or logical positivism, as Wittgenstein's established church. The teachings of this school at least suggest, if they do not actually say, that philosophy is the only way to talk sense, and that any order of existence, except the physical, is not unspeakable, but unreal.

Its method, by the way, of dealing with books such as *The Divine Names* is to ignore them. It can adopt no other course because its philosophy, as I am sure those who adhere to it would be the first to agree, *has no equipment* for discussing the ideas in such books.

17. G SPENCER BROWN, *Laws of form*, JULIAN

An account of the emergence of physical archetypes, presented as a rigorous essay in mathematics.

Starting with nothing and making one mark, we trace first of all the eternal forms. From these we obtain two axioms, and proceed from here to develop theorems.

The word angel, as we find if we look it up, means messenger, and the algebraic consequences that spring from any mathematical system are always the 'angels' through which the mathematics, which is basically structured in the eternal regions,⁵ may be interpreted or applied in everyday life. In this particular system, the consequences enable us to construct logic and to build computers. They turn out to be, in other words, the principles underlying Boolean algebra. It thus appears that accounts of the creation of the world, from Genesis back to Yin-Yang and beyond, turn out to be more or less evident, if incomplete, accounts of certain fundamental properties of Boolean mathematics.

Having arrived, then, at a point where we have reconstructed Boolean algebra, we then proceed to take it considerably further than the ordinary textbooks, into equations of the second and higher degrees, which Boole found no way of doing. What in fact we do now is extend the disciplines of Boolean algebra, as in the ordinary numerical algebras, to include both real and imaginary values, thus introducing into Boolean mathematics what turns out to be an exact analogue of the arithmetical $i = \sqrt{(-1)}$. In the Boolean form, of course, the imaginary value is not in any way numerical, but does behave in all other essentials like its numerical counterpart, enabling us to solve equations and to reason in ways we could not manage without it.

Most astonishing of all, the use of this imaginary value reproduces, in the forms necessary to represent it, recognizable archetypes (what I call 'precursors') of particle and quantum physics, thereby constructing, without any outside help, the ground of what we call material existence. It is constructed from nothing other than an unbroken sequence of argument whereby we see that, if we distinguish anything at all, then 'all this'—including in the end the physical universe—is how it must eventually appear. In short, what I prove is that all universes, whatever their contents, are constructed according to the same formal principles.

It might be helpful if, with the reader's leave, I break off my task of reviewing for a moment to make a more general comment. In *Laws of Form* I attempted to state as far as I could the masculine side of things, just as in the present book I try, again as far as my limited talents allow, to say something of the feminine side. The two books are thus in some respects companion volumes.

Because they look from different sides, they cannot fairly be assessed from the same side. In dealing with the form, it is the argument that matters, however absurd or inadequate the substance of it may seem. But in dealing with the content, it is the substance that matters, even though the argument may seem inadequate or contradictory. Any man with the least experience of the world should know by now that it is inappropriate to argue with a woman.

The poet, when possessed of the muse, may contradict himself in every breath, and still reflect a reality that the most meticulous argument might never approach. Only the male principle represents itself in the perfection and penetration of *either/or*, the method of all argument. The female principle is in the reception and completeness of *both/and*, the embodiment of all life. It is a measure of our colossal cultural bias towards maleness that we tend to think we can invalidate any 'serious' piece of literature by faulting the argument.

The really awful joke is that women thought they could be 'liberated' by going to universities and learning to argue like men. They only fell further into the man-trap, becoming still more alienated from the knowledge that what they have to offer *of their own accord* is at least as important, and very much *other* than all this masculine shouting.

The male who has become related to the female no longer shouts, even when he is presenting the masculine side of things. And the female who is related to the male no longer feels the need to ape him, although she will relay his views with hers because she will have come to see that he is, in this respect, her looking-glass.

The trouble starts when the man begins to reflect something else. He may not be entirely to blame. The woman may be withholding something. But once it starts, it is vicious. The woman no longer trusts the man's knowledge that does not reflect her experience, so withholds more and more. The man finds the woman more and more secretive and eventually stops trying to get through to her. He goes off and sets up shop with his male cronies, where they crack dirty jokes about females. Meanwhile the woman arranges tea parties with her female friends where they gossip about male inadequacy. And so the dismal pattern we all know so well becomes established.

It is as if the woman were the body to the man's breath: the dispirited body cannot speak: it can only gossip: the disembodied spirit cannot know: it can only shout: marry them, and the body knows and speaks, and the spirit speaks and knows.

The man being the *voice* in the partnership, he speaks from and for the woman in all things, whether male or female. Thus the

man is still speaking from the woman, even when he speaks of the form.

18. *The Graphic Work of M C Escher*, HAWTHORNE

The techniques of graphic art, the laws of line, balance, and perspective, are so obviously concerned with the geometry of formal projection, that there is a temptation for the artist to use them to represent, in the 2-space of his planar medium, something that he has fetched no farther than from the ordinary 3-space of physical existence. His difficulty, being denied one of the space dimensions and the whole of the time dimension, is to represent anything at all from the holocosm, where there are more spaces and times than in physical existence.

The problem is not resolved, as some artists attempt to resolve it, by disregarding some of the techniques at hand. In all art, the problem is to do what we can with the already inadequate resources available, and the task is not lightened by overlooking one or more of these resources, although the artist can and must deliberately discard one or another of them when it is not demanded by what he has to say.

An artist who has failed to master a particular formality can seldom be fully confident in respect of whether it might be demanded in the context of what he has to express. It is like a rule of etiquette: you may break it with perfect confidence provided you know it: and it is apparent, to anyone who knows it, whether another person has broken it deliberately or through ignorance of its existence or purpose. Hence Bismarck's definition of a gentleman: a man who is never unintentionally rude.

In each art there are, as it were, certain acid tests, certain formalities that are so difficult to fulfil adequately that, when an artist is seen to be able to fulfil one of them, you know he has made it. For example in mathematics there is the statement and proof of a theorem. In drawing there is the naked human form, in music there is the fugue, in poetry there is the sonnet. Each of these formalities demands of the artist an unusual degree of maturity in its handling and of technical skill in its execution. And each leaves him more than usually exposed to critical comment.

If we reexamine these formalities in search of a common element, we find, when we review them in depth, that each such formality can be seen, in its way, as an illustration of the marriage contract. I mention⁵ in the notes how this applies to the proof of a mathematical theorem. In the Petrarchan sonnet the same test is evident in the union of the octave with its resolving sestet. And so on through the other disciplines. Readers familiar with other formalities will I think immediately see how it applies to them all.

But I digress, although not without point. The point is that this artist has mastered the formalities of his medium so superbly that he is able to use it with a magic that is, as far as I know, unique to his discipline. Even the absence, in the medium, of the temporal dimension that the composer and the poet find so useful, becomes, under his hand, another blessing, for it compels him to record the clear, flat, ancient, and tremendously familiar scenes that project themselves between temporal regions.

19. *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*

An English edition of this remarkable classic, together with outstanding (and necessary) commentaries by able and distinguished commentators, is published by Oxford University Press. It is exceedingly advanced and difficult, but I would recommend it very strongly if you feel you can take it.

There are so many ways an unprepared westerner is unfitted to take in the subject matter of books such as this, one of them being our strong desire to persuade or 'convert' other people to our way of thinking. The eastern policy is generally the opposite, it is considered wrong to disillusion or 'trouble' people with knowledge they do not seek of their own accord, and to attempt to force knowledge of any kind upon others is regarded as harmful.

It is obvious enough, if we think of it, that knowledge must be shaped to the vessel that is to hold it. If we try to force in more than the vessel will hold, the vessel breaks. Thus a teacher may say to one pupil what he may not say to another.

Equally, the whole field of doctrine, considered to be so 'important' in western politics that people have always been

prepared to murder one another in respect of it, is regarded in the east as in a sense worth no more than the paper it is written on. You are not encouraged to believe what you are told, but to experience it for yourself. The doctrine, *other than as a guide to the experience*, is considered literally worthless.

What is fully true cannot get away, cannot be lost, is at all times evident, is always here to be appreciated, and *only* what is fully true remains thus safeguarded by its own indestructibility. It is not dependent on what you or I say about it. What is false, on the contrary, is utterly dependent on what is said, and to maintain it we have to keep on saying it.

The book is difficult because it gives an account of what is perhaps the highest form of Buddhist doctrine. In reviewing it I think I should affirm that I am neither a Buddhist nor not a Buddhist.¹⁷ As I have already said, I am not any kind of *ist*, for that would be fixative of partiality and incompleteness. But by not being a particular *ist*, one does not thereby discard or deny oneself the way of being it holds. An *ist* is a person who maintains, for example, that reality is only 'nothing but' what can be measured, shall we say, with a thermometer. He might call himself a Thermometist. By saying one is not a Thermometist, one does not thereby deny oneself, for ever after, the use of a thermometer, and nor does being caught employing a thermometer in any way brand one as a Thermometist, although I regret to say that this is the way we all do learn to argue. The game we call Debate depends for its effectiveness upon the constant use of just such misleading tricks. Until we recall that games of this kind are in fact only games, to be invested with whatever significance we write into the rules, we cannot even begin to follow, much less to understand, this highly sophisticated book relating how death regards life.

To gain from such a book we have first to learn how to put on a doctrine, a way of presenting things, and then take it off again like a suit of clothes. If you wear the same suit all your life, you can very easily forget what is underneath. Most people spend most of their lives imagining they are their clothes.

A colleague tells me there was once a crow who, being of a

religious turn of mind, flew off (as crows fly) in search of the Great Crow. After many vicissitudes (whatever these may be) he finally came to one or more crows (I forget exactly) who could tell him, so he asked them. Why, they said, surprised, you *are* the Great Crow.

20. *The I Ching*

The I Ching, or Book of Changes. The Richard Wilhelm translation (into German) has been rendered into English by Cary F Baynes, and is published by Routledge and Kegan Paul. This, in spite of the double translation, is the only edition I know that retains the magic. Others claim greater accuracy, but in fact miss much of the deeper significance. Chinese being what it is, a translation from it is virtually restricted to the wisdom of the translator himself, and this disbars almost any translator in the world from attempting this book.

The Book of Changes is a magic oracle. You may ask it a question for help, but never out of curiosity. The psychologist Carl Jung, who writes a preface to this edition, asked the Book to help him write it, and this it did with great cunning.

Recorded in the Book are 4096 ways the world can change for better or for worse, and even if you don't use it as an oracle, what it advises each time is generally considered to be very wise, and seems so, also, to me.¹⁸

The Angel that presided o'er my birth
Said, 'Little creature, form'd of Joy & Mirth,
Go love without the help of any Thing on Earth.'

William Blake

Goodbye Trip

Well, here we go, dear Reader, together for one last trip. First we must take off into space. Inner space, outer space, it is all the same this time. Wherever you go in outer space, your image goes in inner space, so you can look at it from either side as you please.

So then, are we all ready? Fasten your seat-belts, Ladies and Gentlemen! If anybody has cold feet, now's the time to own up. Unfasten your seat-belt, and get out while you still can. What, Madam, you get travel-sick? Then please don't come! And you, Sir, I see that your ego is your only means of support. You had please better stay at home.

So then, all those not coming stop reading this paragraph, put the book down, and snap out of it.

So now (no, Madam, you cannot come and not come at the same time, not on a single ticket), now, the rest of us, are we all ready? We are? Then off we go.

Swoosh!

This is Commander Girth, your Captain, speaking. Your Navigator, Lieutenant Calculus, has prepared a flight-plan, which your Stewardess, Miss Terylene, will be passing round to all passengers in due course. There is no need for alarm. You may unfasten your seat-belts and start smoking. Orders for duty-free drinks will now be taken by Miss Terylene.

As you will see Ladies and Gentlemen from the flight plan, we aim to station ourselves at a medium distance from Galactic Planet Number 587902613, known to you as Earth, from where,

Ladies and Gentlemen, you have just come. Shortly we shall be on station.

We are now on station, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Ladies and Gentlemen, in the pockets of the seat in front of you you will find your wide-angle time lenses. They have the property of condensing a span of 200 years into the space of two minutes or so. Please put on your wide-angle time lenses, Ladies and Gentlemen, and observe the earth.

On your right you will see the Summer of 1770. Beethoven, you will observe, is in his mother's womb, but he is, as you can see, already very well aware of himself. Later on you can observe how he will forget himself, in almost every department except his music. Look farther left, Ladies and Gentlemen, towards his death, and see how he begins to remember himself again, to fit the pieces together. By this time, you will notice, God has already struck him deaf, and rendered him ill and nearly blind and almost friendless. This is because He (God) wishes to observe how the music of the spheres might appear when squeezed out through the involutions of a stricken and suffering human. Although omniscient, God cannot of course *experience* how the realities of heaven are *expressed* in the illusions and suffering of an earthly existence, without twisting himself up into such an existence, so as to look out of human eyes, to hear through human ears, to feel with human nerves, to particularize and chop himself up into a human brain. From our present vantage point, Ladies and Gentlemen, we can see clearly that any human impression or expression is a record of how God feels and appears after being forced through a sort of material mincing machine.

Adjust the focus of your space-reducing attachment, Ladies and Gentlemen. You will now observe that the earth herself is a living creature, and that what you have called men are the microbes on her skin. You can see clearly the spots that the microbes call towns, and the larger eruptions or boils that they call cities. I am sure you can imagine, Ladies and Gentlemen,

how itchy the spots are, and how painful the boils must be to the poor earth.

Pan left, Ladies and Gentlemen, towards the sun, now setting on the part of the earth we are examining. Observe that he also has spots. They are caused by microbes much more powerful and virulent than men.

Pan right again to Earth, Ladies and Gentlemen. You will notice that on the parts of her skin that the microbes call 'civilized', the boils are so large and close together that they are beginning to merge into one another in great blotches, and the rash of spots round these blotches is almost continuous. You will observe, too, that the pus from these sore places is spreading over the surface and running down rivers to infect other areas. Adjust your time-lenses, Ladies and Gentlemen, and observe how rapidly the infection is spreading, and how quickly the microbes are multiplying.

Adjust your fine screws, Ladies and Gentlemen, and you will see amongst the microbes some that are smaller than the others. These are viruses, and their cell-structure is incomplete so that they are only fully operative when they become part of other cells. In their own language, you may remember, they are called Experts.

Observe if you will Ladies and Gentlemen the operative cycle of an Expert. You will see one of them entering a normal, differentiated cell. Observe that it goes straight to the nucleus. It has the power to do this because it is incomplete, and when it gets to the nucleus it starts to rearrange the structure there. Remember, Ladies and Gentlemen, the well-known law that only what is partial can change what is complete. Your physicists split the atom, you may remember, by bombarding it with parts of atoms, because whole atoms leave it unchanged.

Observe how, shortly after the entry of the Expert, the normal cell becomes larger and squarer, less like its neighbours, and

starts to multiply very rapidly into what are called (down there) production plants and office blocks. You will also notice that many of these large square cells break down and, instead of the one Expert that went in, they release hundreds of new Experts, all identically constructed, which rapidly disperse to infect more cells.

We are very sorry to have to tell you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that these huge square cells have been diagnosed as malignant. I regret to say that the planet Earth is suffering the terminal stages of a virulent and rapidly spreading cancer of the skin.

Through the other port, Ladies and Gentlemen, you can use your long-distance attachment to observe a more advanced planetary world, Number 1213602. There you will see that the microbes have evolved far enough to use Experts without destroying their host planet. We can go there shortly and pay them a visit, Ladies and Gentlemen, although I must warn you of the strict quarantine regulations with which you will have to comply. You will be housed with other beings on the planet somewhat like yourselves, all specialist trained, who act as slaves to the more evolved inhabitants. In this planet they use education as a means of making people insensitive and confining them inwardly, thus producing beings who remain at the same task, however irksome, without needing physical chains to hold them there. So in this planet, Ladies and Gentlemen, you will find that only the underprivileged are forced to suffer the indignity of education. This is to brand them with an identity called a profession, and to cripple them internally so that they will be incapable of doing anything else. You will note that the children born of these slaves are also made slaves, not by any external imposition, but because the slaves themselves are taught to despise the free people, and are proud of the brands of their qualifications, and make sure that their children are similarly crippled and branded from an early age.

What's that you say, Sir? Madam? Did you say how much *older* is this planet than the earth? Not older, Ladies and Gentlemen. It is about 300,000 earth-years *younger*.

What's that Sir? Mr Want, isn't it? What was your question, Mr Want? Well, yes, of course we can, if you wish. How does everybody else feel? Yes, certainly, Mrs Wish. We aim to please everybody. Yes, Miss Desire. Of course. Naturally. We quite understand about your boy friend Mr Lust.

Quick, Miss Terylene, the sedatives. Ladies and Gentlemen, there is no need to be alarmed. We are returning to Earth. We hope you enjoyed your trip with us. Please fasten your seat-belts. The re-entry may be just a little bit bumpy but Miss Terylene is on her way with a free drink that will enable you all to forget it.

What's that, Mr Lust? Your council house in Harbury? Well, I'm afraid, you see . . . Yes, Miss Desire, I quite understand your feelings, but you see . . . No, Mrs Wish, I'm afraid not, but . . . No, of course not, Mr Want, we do the best we can.

Now Ladies and Gentlemen, no more questions please, is everybody ready for the re-entry? All drunk your sedatives? Good. All in a hurry to get back, sure we understand. People down there waiting for you, wondering where you are. Naturally. Of course. Miss Terylene will be passing round Customs Declarations Forms which you are to fill in stating your desired destination and nature of business. Meanwhile Mr Calculus will be calling base and making the necessary bookings. It depends to some extent on vacancies.

Vacancies where, did I hear you say, Madam, Sir? Where? In the maternity wards, of course!

Notes

- ⁰ I relegate to the notes matters that, for any reason, might interrupt the flow of the narrative. Sometimes, but not always, they deal with topics too advanced to be suitable to a narrative text. In any case, although each note is latched to a certain point in the text, it is not necessarily meant to be read at that point.

This not being a textbook, the deepest matters are touched only lightly, and I make no claim to any kind of textbook thoroughness in the coverage of such matters. My only hope is that the few simple remarks I do make might serve as a guide to give some perspective to what is covered more fully in other books.

- ¹ As Robert Graves records (p 256) in *The White Goddess*, the Genesis story is archetypally false, having been corrupted by some early enemy of women. That Eve should be produced out of Adam is patently absurd.

Rival religions have produced different terminologies, and what was in any case difficult has become almost impossible to follow through a multiplication of names. Let me try to do some sorting out.

Space is a construct. In reality there is no space. Time is also a construct. In reality there is no time.

In eternity there is space but no time.

In the deepest order of eternity there is no space. It is devoid of any quality whatever.

This is the reality of which the Buddhas speak. Buddhists call it Nirvana. Its order of being is zero. Its mode is completeness. Its sex-emblem is female.

It is known to western doctrine, sometimes as the Godhead, sometimes as IHVH, or that which was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. This way of describing it, like any

other, is misleading, suggesting that it has qualities like being, priority, temporality. Having no quality at all, not even (except in the most 'degenerate' sense) the quality of being, it can have none of these suggested properties, although it is what gives rise to them all. It is what the Chinese call the unnamable Tao, the Mother of all existence. It is also called the Void.

In a qualityless order, to make any distinction at all is at once to construct all things in embryo. Thus the First Thing, and with it the First Space and the First Existence and the First Being, are all created explosively together.

This does not of course mean that the 'big bang' theory that cosmologists suggest for the creation of the universe is the true one. The 'explosion' into existence does not take place in time, and so from the point of view of time is a continuous operation. Thus the 'big bang' theory and the 'continuous creation' theory, like all famous 'rival' theories in western culture, are both equally true.

This First Creation, or First Presence, is the order of which the Christs speak. Christians call it God. Its order of being is unity. Its mode is perfection. Its sex-emblem is male.

It is known to eastern doctrine, as it is to western, as the Triune God or Trinity. In western books of magic it is called The One Thing. In China it is called the namable Tao. In Tibetan Buddhism it is called the densely-packed region.

This last name is most vividly expressive, it being the region of the creating or seeding-out of all qualities from no quality: it is, in other words, the place where every blade of grass and every grain of sand is numbered, the place where nothing is forgotten. It is the place where all is still 'small' enough to be reviewed together.

The quality of being in nascent existence, and as yet without any size, is what makes the densely-packed region the region of omniscience. Unlike the Void, which is the place without quality, the densely-packed region is the place where all qualities can be seen at once to be capable of infinite variety and extension. How they *may become* extended is of course how, in some universe or other, they actually *are* extended. It

is here that every universe is worked out from first principles, except that the 'working out' does not take place mathematically step by step, as it is done on Earth, or at the physical level of one of the other universes so constructed, but is all at once obvious and immediate, as there is no time. Hence the omniscience.

In *Laws of Form*, by the way, I took just the tiniest thread of one of these 'calculations', and teased it out laboriously step by step just far enough to give some inkling of how the material of our own universe is created. It took me, down here on Earth, some ten years of the most unremitting and painstaking labour to get it right. Up in the densely-packed region it is all done in a jiffy, and this and every other possible universe are all constructed, maintained, known, and every feature docketed before you can say 'flash'.

Human beings who have entered this region, and then found their way back from it to the region of their ordinary humanity, report that in it one is indeed omniscient, but the knowledge one knows there cannot all be carried in a human frame.

A Buddha, of course, has to go through this region to reach the void. Other human beings who reported, like Dante, to seeing It from a distance, without actually entering into Its being, describe It as a point of the most dazzling brightness. The reasons why It must appear this way, although not complicated, are unsuitable for inclusion in a book of this informal character.

The Christian mystics, although they knew through simple insight that the One Thing, or First God, is a Trinity, were not, as far as I am aware, able to say why. The doctrine thus remained a mystery and a weakness in the armory of Christian apologists. I am not sure whether the Buddhists were able to explain it, although they knew it, of course, before the Christians did.

The explanation of the Trinity in fact turns out to be simple enough. When you make a distinction of any kind whatever, the easiest way to represent its essential properties mathematically is by some sort of closed curve like a circle. Here

the circumference distinguishes two sides, an inside and an outside. The two sides, plus the circumference itself, which is neither the inside nor the outside, together make up three aspects of one distinction. Thus every distinction is a trinity. Hence the First Distinction is the First Trinity.

We can even go so far as to identify, in this mathematical representation, which aspect represents what. The inside represents the aspect where the Void or IHVH remains undisturbed and undistributed. It is, in other words, the aspect of the Godhead in the God, and is called, when considered as an aspect of the Trinity, God the Holy Ghost. It is thus the *senior* member of this colossal triple partnership, and this is why, in Christian doctrine, a sin against the Holy Ghost is regarded as the *most* unforgivable.

Next we have the 'line' of distinction itself—the circumference of the circle in the mathematical representation. This line (it is only a line in mathematics, of course, not in reality: like a line that exists in a drawing, but not in the thing drawn)—this line is actually the 'seeding' of the densely-packed region, the embryonic outline of all things. In the Christian Trinity it is what is called God the Father: first in creation, second in seniority.

Finally we have the outside. The first distinction may be regarded as cleft into and projected out of the Void, and this outer projective region, before it becomes further differentiated, as it does in the rest of creation, is the aspect known to western doctrine as the Word or First Message. In the Trinity it is the junior partner, God the Son.

At this point, before we carry the story further, it is I think appropriate to recall Blake's couplet to God, which runs,

If you have made a Circle to go into,
Go into it yourself and see how you would do.

The story of creation can of course be protracted indefinitely. To cut a long story short, it turns out that there are five orders (or 'levels') of eternity, four of which are

existent (although not of course 'materially' existent, this comes later) and one of which is non-existent.

The non-existent order is of course the inmost, the one the Greeks called the Empyrean. In the mathematics of the eternal structure the five orders are plainly distinguishable, and it is a fact of some interest that the early Greek explorers, who were not so well equipped mathematically as we are today, nevertheless confirmed, from observation alone, that the number of eternal regions or 'heavens' stands at five.

At the next level, travelling outwards from within, an extraordinary thing happens. As we come into the sixth level (i.e. the fifth *order*, recollecting that the first level is of order zero) by crossing the fifth 'veil'—mathematically speaking a 'veil' is crossed when we devise an 'outer' structure that embodies the 'rules' of the structure next within—when we cross this fifth veil, a strange thing happens. We find that we cannot in fact cross it (i.e. it is mathematically impossible to do so) without creating *time*.

The time we create first, like the first space, is much more primitive and less differentiated than what we know in physical existence. The time we set our watches by is actually the third time. The *first* time is much less sophisticated. Just as the regions of the first space have no size, so the intervals of the first time have no duration. This doesn't mean, as it might suggest in physical time, that the intervals are very short, so short that they vanish. It means simply that they are neither short nor long, because duration is a quality that has not yet been introduced into the system. For the same reason, all the heavenly states, although plainly distinguishable from one another, are in reality neither large nor small, neither close together nor far apart.

Everything reflects in everything else, and the peculiar and fundamental property of the fifth order of being reflects itself all over the universe, both at physical and metaphysical levels. An interesting reflexion of it in mathematics is in the fact that equations up to and including the fourth degree can be solved with algebraic formulae. Beyond this a runaway condition takes over making it impossible to produce a formula to solve

equations of the fifth or higher degrees. A similar 'runaway' condition applies, as we shall see in a moment, when we cross the fifth 'veil' outwards into the first time.

It requires only a moment's consideration to see that what we call time is in fact a one-way blindness, the blind side being called 'the future'. Once we proceed into any time, no matter how primitive, we come out of heaven, i.e. out of eternity, out of the region where there is no blindness and where, therefore, in *any part* of it, we can still see *the whole*. And as we proceed further and further out into each successive and less primitive time and space, our blindness at each crossing is recompounded. It is thus easy to come out, hard to find one's way back in.

For those who do find their way back in, the procedures and the crossings all have to be reversed.

When in my review of the *Commedia* I stated that I thought Dante's vision of God was genuine, this was not irresponsible guesswork on my part. It was the result of a careful checking of his account with the known holocosmic principles.

For example, before arriving at a place where he could see God, Dante reports to suffering two successive 'deaths of the eyesight'. Actually there are three, but the first is not usually experienced so noticeably as the other two.

On the first stage of the journey inwards, we cross the seventh veil, arriving in what is known as the subtle world. By the way, when going inwards the veils are usually counted the other way, so that the seventh veil becomes the first, the sixth the second, and so on. The subtle world is in fact another material world, although the material is not physical. It looks very like the physical world. Going there is what is known to many people as learning to see with 'the third eye'.

Perhaps I should say a little more about this closest of all of the non-physical existences, as so many people these days are familiar with it. Mediums generally learn to see it as part of their discipline. Things in it look much the same only brighter and sharper. People appear very much brighter and sharper. Most people appear roughly the same age, shape, etc., as their physical appearance, but some appear different. For

example a physically young man might have the subtle body of a very old man. This is not an illusion. Everybody else using the 'third eye' sees exactly the same. Some women, although this is comparatively rare, have the power to assume whatever age and shape they please. This accounts, of course, for the well-known cases of witches who approach young men looking as hideous as they know how, and proposing marriage. When the young man demurs, they promise that, when married, they will change into whatever shape he likes. The story makes sense because when in love or closely related with a person, we tend to see the subtle body rather than the physical, and this is often why lovers are unable to describe the physical appearance of the loved one. Love is, indeed, the most powerful of all agencies that can transport us to the deeper levels. And what better example of it than Dante?

In the subtle world you see things in whatever direction you turn your physical eyes to look at them, and so it may be some time before you realize that you are *not using your physical eyes to see them with*. The first time I learned to use subtle vision, it took me about an hour, and several experiments, to convince myself I wasn't using my eyes. Dante himself could well have missed noting this first and subtle 'death of the eyesight'.

But not the next two. They are much more striking. For example St Paul was physically blinded for several days after unintentionally crossing the next veil but one.

Dante's description of God is consistent, it seems to me, with that of someone who has found his way, or been guided, to one of the outer heavens.

Both naturally and supernaturally, space is female and time male. It is indeed the intercourse of a multidimensional space with the always singular dimension of time that brings about the conception of the lower (i.e. more outward) orders of existence.

That space is female and time male is a *fact* (not a fancy or a speculation or a theory or a tradition or a guess) so obvious to a poet that he may forget that it is something that ordinary educated people have to be told. The process of western education consists of so coarsening the inner sensibilities that

one becomes almost entirely dependent on the outer (i.e. physical) senses, and the spectacle of the man of science demonstrating with huge, lengthy, and costly experiments what may have been quite obvious in the first place, is part of the price we all have to pay if we are to enjoy the undoubted material advantages that such science brings in its service.

I remember not so many years ago, when the sexedness of all things was just beginning to dawn on me, finding it confirmed in Blake. What he says is again worth recalling.

‘Allegories are things that Relate to Moral Virtues. Moral Virtues do not Exist; they are Allegories & dissimulations. But Time & Space are Real Beings, a Male & a Female. Time is a Man, Space is a Woman, & her Masculine Portion is Death.’

Eternity does not of course mean ‘going on for ever’, which is a mere extension in time, but is simply the place where time does not exist. The male elements here are not temporal: they are formal.

We see from all this that at every level of being, eternal or temporal, the male element emerges from the female, rather than the other way round. So if the Genesis account of the birth of Eve were true, something would indeed have gone very wrong with the universal archetypal law, As above, so below, and its particular reversal, As below, so (in some respect) above. How things *are* is a *strict result* of how things *can be*, and the knowledge of how things can be has never been denied to mankind, although he frequently chooses to cut himself off from it.

As I point out in the text, the reason why this innate knowledge of how things can be is called divine, is because it has to be dug for or divined. It is not what is apparent on the surface. In respect of the question, how deep is divine, the answer is, as deep as you care to go. As far as Nirvana, that is. There is no place deeper than this.

By way of comparison, the Freudian unconscious consists largely of personal elements that must be made conscious and

purified before it is safe to proceed deeper. Jung's racial memories and archetypes constitute the next stage, although their initial manifestations are still outside the eternal regions. The deeper we go, the more they are the same for everybody. The deepest level is the same for all.

How long does it take to get there? Well, counting only from the year when he dropped out, it took the Prince of Kapila a total of six years to find Nirvana.

I know of no safer way of exploring the divine than through the experience of total love. The cleft of the First Distinction can see its own outline as male on the one side and female on the other. By pretending successively to be one side of itself and then the other, it can make out to itself that its one outline is in fact two persons, thus engineering the huge love-partnership that is Heaven's First Family Joke. It is a very happy joke, and one which is quite available to human lovers who proceed far enough into themselves to find the place where they meet. It is available in any total love-experience between a male and a female.

I think I should warn the reader that there are two major confusions she, or he, is likely to meet in other books. The first is a serious one.

In many western texts, be they of magic, occult science, religion, or the most profound theological doctrine, there is some confusion, and often gross confusion, between the two original orders of being, i.e. between the Zero and the Unity, the Godhead and the God, the Female Constant and the Male Constant, the Yin and the Yang. In eastern texts there is seldom such confusion, they either get it right or don't get it at all. But in western doctrine God and the Godhead are frequently mixed up, and the sex of the Godhead is often omitted, or even mistaken, thus making out God to be homosexual. Most frequently, of course, the Godhead is just not mentioned at all. In other books the confusion extends over unity and zero, such books often speaking of 'the One' when they mean 'the Void'. This, I think, is partly a failure to distinguish between ordinal and cardinal numbers. Order

zero (the Void) is the first order we count. Just as note zero is the first note in this book. But the confusion over sex, or the missing out of the female reality altogether, I put down to our severe cultural neurosis, especially in Christianity and Judaism, concerning women.

The other confusion, though just as prevalent, is not so serious. Because the heavens are supposed to be exalted, but we have to dive deep to find them, there is confusion in all the literature as to whether the divine is up or down. It is, of course, in every direction and in no direction at all, because it is here with us now at the very centre of things, as well as everywhere else which, when we get there, we find is the same place.

If we imagine this 'centre' of it all surrounded with layers like a pearl or like an onion ('onion' and 'union' are the same root, as you might have guessed), then in this analogy the divine is what is relatively deep and the mundane is what is relatively superficial. This way there is no confusion. 'Above' as in 'heavens above' properly refers to the *order of priority* of a given office in the total residence of the divine family and its kingdom, just as we say on earth that one rank is 'higher' than another without meaning that its office is higher up the building.

'What a man desires to know is *that* (i.e. the external world). But his means of knowing is *this* (i.e. himself). How can he know *that*? Only by perfecting *this*.'—Kuan Tsu.

Considering this ancient doctrine with relation to modern physics, we can note that the analysis of either view amounts to this: that the universe we see is the equivalent of a measure of the instrument we use for looking at it: in other words it is itself the consequence of the capacity of its particular observer: and thus we have only to change our own fundamental capacity, and this is sufficient to change, in any desirable way, the universe we actually experience.

'In short, the world must then become quite another. It

must so to speak wax or wane as a whole. The world of the happy is altogether different from the world of the unhappy.' —Wittgenstein.

- 3 The fact that a 'normal' person can recollect little, if anything, from the first five years of his or her life, and in particular from the first three, is not irrelevant to this discussion. His or her early indoctrination or brainwashing requires, to give the illusion of necessity, permanence, and, above all, a characteristic exclusiveness to the 'reality' that is to be imposed on the child as 'the only sensible' interpretation of its experience, that the child shall forget that such an indoctrination ever took place. Those upon whom the indoctrination didn't properly 'take', can eventually find that the content of their first five years is as readily available as that of any other five years, and can see in what ways the usual forgetting of these important years, although 'normal' to our culture (it is not I think normal to every culture), is unhealthy and unnecessary, and how it in fact prevents the development of our insight and fixes our view of the outside world.

Why the form of the indoctrination, once started, perpetuates itself is obvious enough: no 'normal' adults, who have lost so much of their reality because of it, are able to bear the thought of any child possessing, in its understanding of the world, what would amount, if they didn't do something about it, to a huge *advantage* over themselves, and so they take steps, self-protectively and instinctively, and practically from the moment of its birth, to make the child into 'one of us', i.e. to put a stop to what it knows that we now don't know. Moreover, the really telling part of this procedure takes place at an implicit level, not overtly, so that no one who doesn't know what to look for can see what is really going on.

This is, of course, a process by which the basic ground of any culture is automatically transmitted from one generation to the next, and generally there is no need to interfere with it. But when a culture somehow reaches a point in its history where its own built-in values will *inevitably* lead it to disaster,

as is now obvious, in our case, even to people who are still operating from *within* the nexus of these values, it becomes necessary, for as many of us who can do so, to take the lonely road out of it as fast as we can, to see what the alternatives *are*. There are quite a few of us, in every level of society and from all walks of life, who are doing just this, and what we have in common is that we all feel, now, that there is *no solution* (other than its total self-destruction) to be found within the values of the culture itself.

When we drop out, it is not from any wish to 'wash our hands' of our native culture, or to 'escape' from it, as its obtuser adherents so interminably and so vociferously complain, but as a necessary, difficult, and dangerous operation to save what seems to us to be worth saving from a fate they either cannot see coming or haven't the remotest idea what to do about if they can.

- ⁴ The reader who thinks I am having her on would do well to glance at some not-too-difficult summary of the development of quantum physics between the two world wars. A glance, for example, at *A History of Science* by W C Dampier (he was originally called W C Dampier Dampier-Wetham but dropped the Wetham and one of the Dampiers on the understandable ground, I imagine, that it was too much. I confess I never think of him without great concern for his problem of what to do with his name. He is dead now so he won't mind this), a cursory glance, as I was saying, at p 396 onwards, will show what I mean.

Very briefly, after thousands of years of investigation, physicists have found no 'solid matter' at all. Only little 'storms' of 'waves', of which we can somehow perceive a few side-effects, although we can't see them, feel them, or sense them in any way with any outward-probing sense or instrument. We don't know what they are or where they are, in short, the only 'reality' they possess is the *mathematical equation* that predicts not what they will do, but what we might experience.

This is what led physicists like Eddington and Jeans to say

that the universe is made entirely of mathematics. But the elements of mathematics, although we know they exist, don't in fact exist in any physical form. The numerical elements, for those who are interested in such things, exist in the Fifth Order with the first time, i.e. two levels deeper than the physical. It is, I think, what is called the astral plane in magic. As we travel inwards, it is the last of the material existences. Its structure is transparent and crystalline. In the middle ages it was projected out and called the crystalline heaven, although it is not, technically speaking, an eternal region. It is where the eternal regions are first plotted and counted, for there are no numbers in eternity itself. You cannot count without time. When we proceed from here into the heavens themselves, we lose all numbers in a blinding flash as we return through the fifth veil into the outer heaven. From here on, if we are to survey what we see mathematically, we have to use Boolean elements, which are not numerical.

Eddington and Jeans thus seem in a way to be right, although the view they present is somewhat too narrow. For example we can't take the mathematics *in with us* into any of the eternal regions, any more than we can bring it out with us into physical existence. We can use it only in its own place, either to *formulate* what we can *observe* of its own and other temporal structures, or to *relate*, from a temporal existence, what we can *remember* of the eternal structure. In the next note I shall hope to illustrate this.

- 5 If you raise a number n to the power of a prime number p , and divide the result by p , there will be a remainder of n . For example

$$4^7 = 4 \times 4 \times 4 \times 4 \times 4 \times 4 \times 4 = 16384.$$

Dividing this by 7 leaves a remainder of 4. It doesn't matter if we make p smaller than n because the theorem doesn't say that the remainder has to be the smallest. It just says that one of the possible residues remaining after taking p from n^p an appropriate number of times will in fact be n . And it says it is so, not only in the cases we have actually tried, but in all of the infinity of cases we haven't tried and can't because we

haven't time to try them. In other words, it says something not merely about temporal existence, but about eternity.

Certain particulars of this theorem were known to the Chinese in 500 BC, but a more general statement of it appears in the private correspondence of Pierre de Fermat, a French lawyer, in 1640 AD, and the theorem usually bears his name.

A proof that it is true can be found in any university textbook of elementary arithmetic. You will find if you examine such a proof that it has two parts, a numerical part and a Boolean part, a calculation and an argument, and that it is the marriage of these two, the temporal form with the eternal, that bestows upon the theorem the gift of certainty.

Old English *cunnan*, whence *keen*, *ken*, *know*, *can*, and *con* = steer, navigate, as in *conning tower*.

In celebrating these great journeys into outer space, we tend to overlook the colossal and equally heroic journeys *in the opposite direction* undertaken, for the occasion, by men such as Isaac Newton. Without the extremely difficult, disciplined, and equally dangerous journeys into inner space, no journey into outer space could ever succeed.

'Here blinded with an Eye: and there
Deaf with the drumming of an Ear.'

This has long been a sore point between heaven and earth. God, by which I mean the first manifestation of the IHVH, and not the moralizing father-figure we project for the purpose of worship, has practically no understanding of good and evil, and is constantly amazed by our apparent preoccupation with 'objects' of which He, as Himself, has no experience whatever.

'A poet therefore would do ill to embody his own conceptions of right and wrong, which are usually those of his place and time, in his poetical creations, which participate in neither. By this assumption of an inferior office of interpreting the

effect, in which perhaps after all he might acquit himself but imperfectly, he would resign a glory in the participation of the cause. There was little danger that Homer, or any of the eternal poets, should have so far misunderstood themselves as to have abdicated this throne of their widest dominion. Those in whom the poetical faculty, though great, is less intense, as Euripides, Lucan, Tasso, Spenser, have frequently affected a moral aim, and the effect of their poetry is diminished in exact proportion to the degree in which they compel us to advert to this purpose.'—Shelley.

- 11 As Robert Graves has it in *The White Goddess*. What Sir Walter Raleigh (or Rawleigh or Raleigh) actually wrote was

She hath lefte me here all alone,
All allone as vnknowne,
Who somtymes did me lead with her selfe,
And me loude as her owne.

Sentiments never change, but rhythms of speech do. A skilful editing in respect of its rhythm can give an ancient poem the appearance of being contemporary.

- 12 One of the troubles of our civilization is that we have lost our roots. We use words without the least idea what they mean. I would advise anyone to get a good dictionary of roots, and look up *every word he has ever used*. He will be astonished. There are many such dictionaries, Eric Partridge has written a very readable one called *Origins*. Learn to read it, and you will know what God and man is.

Just for a start. *Husband*, from *hus* = house, *bond* (for *buandi*) = a person dwelling. The latter root is the same as for bond, band, something that holds together, a boundary. Thus a husband is a man who gives a woman meaning by providing order, law, form. Derivably we have *husbandman*, a farmer (*farm*, *firm*, *firmament*, and *throne* are all akin) who cultivates his farm or estate or kingdom, tends her in sickness, reaps her in health, enters her, rides in her, works for her, mends her

fences, protects her, plays with her, and so on for ever and ever.

Now *wife*. From *vibrare* = vibrate. So literally a man's wife is his *vibrator*! She is the *life* that completes his *form*. Just as he makes the *law* of the household, so she makes the *running* of it. She is what makes it go, she is the inner principle that makes it all work. He is the case, the design, and the hands of the clock, and she is what is making it tick. She doesn't know what the time is without the hands to tell her. But the hands have no idea *what* to tell her unless she is there ticking away inside making them go. From here we spread out into a galaxy of words like *wave*, *waver*, *weever*, *wiper*, *viper*, *whip* (through the German of course), *woman*, *waif*, and so on for ever and ever.

This is so colossal that my pencil refuses to come to rest. It wants to say it again. And again. Very well.

A clock without a tick, without a pendulum or balance-wheel to regulate it, is utterly stupid. Unrepresentative. Irresponsible. Mischievous. No idea what it's about. It hasn't *lost* count, there just isn't anything *to* count. Wheels and works, cogs and gears and hands all over the place, but no pendulum or balance-wheel ticking away for all this machinery to interpret.

While all this is going on, or rather going off, somewhere far away is a tick without a clock, a balance-wheel that has nothing to count how many ticks it has ticked since eternity, a pendulum without works or hands, without anything to measure and interpret and display what it is up to, a regulator with nothing to regulate, a solitary thing ticking itself silly. Tick-tick-tick gabble-gabble-gabble.

Man, your sole purpose on earth is to house and interpret woman. Nothing else matters. Without you she is homeless and meaningless. Only you can provide what she lacks. Whatever you do that is not thus entirely devoted to her is an infidelity, and you both will suffer for it. Woman, your only meaning on earth is to occupy and motivate man. Without you he is purposeless and moribund. You are his sole occupation, his only motive and regulator. Nothing else is. Any part

of your being that is not so placed at his disposal is misplaced, and you both will suffer for it.

In short, man's every talent is for woman's delight, and her whole being is his playground.

Corny ain't it? Ever so soppy. Still, there it is. If you want it another way, nuclear bombs, fall-out, specially prepared nerve gas, specially cultured plague viruses, not soppy, who am I to say you can't have it that way, as far as I am concerned you are welcome to it that way, I wish you good luck and I hope you will profit from it. It's your trip.

- 13 Our tribal structure, our family nexus, takes us to hell, and keeps us there, by the simple expedient of rewarding pain and punishing pleasure. Every time the child hurts itself it is comforted, fed, cuddled, rewarded in countless ways. If it does not hurt itself it is ignored, if it pleases itself it is punished.

After twenty years or so of such conditioning, overlaid and reinforced by a continuous sanctimonious hypnotic verbal commentary, it is no wonder at all that the child, now supposedly grown up to 'independence' and confronted with the choice we all have to make between a pleasant life and a painful one, unerringly chooses the painful one. And goes to hell.

The usual way from hell back to heaven is via purgatory, and in one respect purgatory is worse than hell. It is worse because in hell one becomes so inured to it that one learns not to feel it. In fact one learns not to feel anything much. One becomes a sort of zombie, a science-fiction automaton. One fulfils, in fact, the form of the technocratic propaganda continuously droning on and on to the effect that this is really all one is anyway.

Purgatory is worse than hell because, having realized, slowly or suddenly, that one is in hell, that one's so-called life is without meaning or direction, that one has been conned and cheated out of one's real experience of one's self, well, one starts to get one's feelings back, one begins to come out of the hypnosis, to wake up from the anaesthetic. And Christ! It hurts.

Heaven's way of recalling us back to heaven is as simple as our parents', our family's, our tribe's, our country's, our humanity's way of calling us out of heaven into hell. It reverses the polarity. It rewards pleasure, and punishes pain. Try the permutations as you may, there is no other way. Utterly simple, utterly obvious, yet realized *so rarely* that its realization is generally taken to be a miracle, and the resulting passage through purgatory is called a deliverance through grace.

When it happens, although both pain and pleasure are redoubled, it is mostly pain that has to come first. Indeed, the greater the damage, the greater the pain. There is little pleasure in beginning to come round after a terrible operation.

But the pain of purgatory is compensated by the knowledge that at last we have started to do something about our condition. In the end, after a definite period of being punished for having allowed ourselves to be punished, we are rewarded with the pleasures of the paradisaal state, and further rewarded for allowing ourselves to be so rewarded.

- 14 I am not of course denigrating the specialist as a specialist. He set up his shop, and must promote his trade like anybody else. What I am trying to say is that we must put out of our minds the idea that we can ever be led by specialists. Except, of course, to disaster.

There is nothing more dangerous, to my mind, than the modern craze for professionalism in politics. A leader needs qualities that are universal and intuitive, not partial and calculating. He must know how to be right, not how to reason wrong. He must, above all, have come to his own authority, and not be acting on somebody else's. He must have come to his senses.

- 15 How could a baby ever learn something so complicated as a language were it not for this deeper route (and root) to its meaning. We try to teach it the wrong way round. If you want your baby to speak as you do, don't begin with daft baby-talk. Talk to it naturally, as you would to a colleague, don't simplify what you say because it is a baby. It is more perceptive than you are. It models itself on your inner expectations, so above

all don't *think* of it as a baby. If you follow this procedure from birth, any normal child, by the age of about three, will be perfectly capable of discussing anything you wish to discuss with it. The only trouble is that in two years' time you will be required by law to send it to school, where it must now either adopt a mask of common idiocy or be isolated as a freak. I saw this happen to a little girl with parents who let her be herself without imposing their fantasy of what she 'should' be. At three she was a most marvellous companion, especially since she was still fully conscious in the holocosm, and could impart or confirm much that we wanted to know about it, and she was, as babies and animals are until they have it dinned out of them, fully telepathic and clairvoyant. At five, when she went to school, she opted, wisely I think, for the mask of common idiocy expected of children of that age. Her speech became babyish to the required degree, and she cannot remember what she used to talk about, she cannot even recollect talking about it. She has lost her capacity for direct vision.

Normal people of our cultural background have children for the purpose of fulfilling certain fantasies. They wouldn't have them otherwise. But since fantasies are fantasies, every-one in the end is disappointed. Really one is not fit to have a child unless one is prepared to go to one's front gate and take in the first stranger that happens to come by, offering him, or her, the astonishing gift of free board and lodging and other attentions for the next sixteen years or so.

The fact that many people wouldn't have children if they knew in advance that this is what it meant, could only be to the general good. This planet is already overpopulated beyond danger limits, and will, in not many years from now, be overpopulated beyond disaster limits.

- 16 There are certain commentators who propound, in respect of the arts, what I shall call the shufflebottom theory. For example they accept the work of Shelley, Beethoven, and Pythagoras, to name but three, as sound, representative, eminently competent, and sane. But although Shelley, Beethoven, and

Pythagoras, to name but three, all substantially agree in respect of how and why they produced their work, the same commentators, shuffling from one buttock to the other, now pronounce Shelley, Beethoven, and Pythagoras, to name but three, to be utterly insane, and therefore not competent to say how or why they produced their work. This, they now say, is a matter for the decision of experts, who, although utterly incapable themselves of producing such work, are supposed, by some miracle they do not specify, to be able to say exactly how it is done.

I personally should not feel competent to judge how Beethoven composed his music, and so I am perfectly willing to accept his account of the process, since his *experience* in this matter is so much greater than my own. I am naturally interested to see that his reports of how and why he composed music substantially agree with my experience of how and why I compose poetry. But even if he had said something different, I should not consider that I knew better than he.

What the shufflebottom theory fails to account for is the fact that the poet is the first enjoyer of his work. He finds it just as astonishing as if it had been written by somebody else. In presenting it to the public, he acts in the capacity of editor. But in actually recording it, he feels himself only as the instrument. As Beethoven sums it up, *the spirit speaks* to me and *I compose* something.

To ignore or pooh-pooh the implications of Beethoven's remark, even in the so-called interests of science, seems to me to be simple-minded and unscientific. The theorist who thinks he knows better has not, it seems to me, learned anything beyond the way he was taught to do 'composition' at school, i.e. as something 'thought out' and 'made up'. Naturally if you 'think out' what you are going to say in advance, the result, when you say it, is not in the least astonishing. And nor, since it has already been decided in advance, can it appear, when produced, to fit the occasion. A thought-out statement must always be irresponsible, because it is made regardless of the circumstances, instead of in response to them.

In fact the whole *discipline* of art begins where the thinking theorist left off. He is perfectly within his rights not to undertake it. But having exercised these rights, and not paid the price, to make a public claim to know the nature of the outcome must surely rebound to his discredit in the end.

- 17 I once complained to a friend that I found the idea that a person might have more than one incarnation incredible. 'Do you not find it incredible,' he said, 'that you should have even *one* incarnation?'
- 18 It may be instructive to see how a book written today can appear to a critic who lived some twenty-seven centuries ago. When I came to the end of writing this book, I asked the I Ching if it would be so kind as to review it. It gave hexagram 54, and I quote from the commentary.

'Above we have Chen, the eldest son, and below, Tui, the youngest daughter. The man leads and the girl follows him in gladness. The picture is that of the entrance of the girl into her husband's house.' It 'shows a young girl under the guidance of an older man who marries her.'

'While legally regulated relationships evince a fixed connection between duties and rights, relationships based on personal inclination depend in the long run entirely on tactful reserve.

'Affection as the essential principle of relatedness is of the greatest importance in all relationships in the world. For the union of heaven and earth is the origin of the whole of nature. Among human beings likewise, spontaneous affection is the all-inclusive principle of union.'

'Thunder stirs the water of the lake, which follows it in shimmering waves. This symbolizes the girl who follows the man of her choice. But every relationship between individuals bears within it the danger that wrong turns may be taken, leading to endless misunderstandings and disagreements. Therefore it is necessary constantly to remain mindful of the end. If we permit ourselves to drift along, we come together

and are parted again as the day may determine. If on the other hand a man fixes his mind on an end that endures, he will succeed in avoiding the reefs that confront the closer relationships of people.'

It also gave a change, but this, although equally penetrating, and equally tactfully put, was a matter of personal advice to the author, and thus meant for my eyes alone.